

MS. A. 6. 11. 11. 09

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JULY—1822.

PROSPECTUS.

The nature of this enterprise, may be understood from a few considerations which the advertisers will venture to subjoin to their annunciation of it. The periodical works of Great Britain and France contain a mass of literary and scientific intelligence, which does not reach the American public for want of a suitable channel, but which would be read among us with equal pleasure and profit. Such of the British *Reviews* and *Magazines* as are reprinted in the United States,—not excepting the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*,—embrace much matter which is of little interest and of no advantage to the American reader, and not unfrequently fitted to vitiate his literary taste, his morals, or his political principles. It is desirable, under these circumstances, that a selection should be made, such as would furnish the valuable and entertaining portion of their contents, to the exclusion of the other portion consisting of details and speculations either uninteresting in themselves, or mischievous in their tendency, or altogether of local concern and application. On this plan, idle expense and a fruitless consumption of time, would be obviated; for pages destitute of merit might be substituted many of value that now remain unknown and inaccessible. Of several British journals of the scientific and erudite cast, and others indeed of a more general and at

the same time very solid character, little or no use is made by the editors and compilers of the periodical works printed in the United States.

The object of the one now about to be issued, is the accumulation, in a permanent form, of the materials thus neglected, and of the literary and scientific articles worthy of being reprinted in this country, but which, when so, are accompanied by others possessing no claim to attention. A miscellany—the *Select Reviews*—akin in the design, but not equal in comprehensiveness, to the present, flourished for some years in this city, and would, it may be presumed, have continued to be supported by a wide-spread subscription, but for an alteration of the plan, and a series of adventitious reverses. The revival of it, with a larger scope, would seem likely to be attended with still more signal success than its original existence, owing to the great multiplication of readers of periodical works, and the wide diffusion of the habit of seeking in them, both information and amusement.

Emboldened by these views the advertisers feel assured of an extensive patronage for the *Museum of Foreign Literature and Science*. The gentleman who is engaged to compile it, will be supplied for the purpose, at the earliest periods, with a great variety of British and French journals, and will bestow his best care and judgment in the execution of the task which he has undertaken.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Prospectus of the Publisher of this work, explains its design and the considerations from which it was undertaken. All the Foreign Journals, which are intended to be employed in the compilation of it, could not be procured in the short interval which has elapsed since its conception. Most of the principal British Magazines and Reviews for the month of July, to which this, the first number of the MUSEUM, is meant to be referred, have, however, been received, and used in the desired extent. In the course of a few months, a greater variety of valuable materials will be subjected to the choice of the Editor. He will be governed, in that choice, by the aim of embodying what may prove universally instructive and otherwise lastingly useful, as much as by the wish to furnish entertainment to the readers of the work. It is his intention, should he have leisure, to prefix occasionally to a number, a general review of the character and contents, of the British periodical publications of the date the most recent at the time of its appearance.

A few remarks from him, with respect to some of the articles selected for the present number, may not be deemed superfluous or impertinent. The second article, *Walter of Aquitaine*, which is not without intrinsic interest, he has introduced chiefly as a curious specimen of the heroic poetry of the age to which it belongs. He has transplanted the review of Bracebridge Hall, from Blackwood's Magazine, not because he admires its spirit and concurs entirely in its critical sentence, but in order to exemplify the temper of the Scottish writers of the ministerial party, and the treatment to which Washington Irving, as an American, is exposed from most of the leading journals of Great

Britain. Nearly all of them act upon the principles which the writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* so boldly avows. The latter discourses with admiration and delight, of a generous *enmity*—a noble *hate*—the *virtue* of prejudice; and he tells his countrymen emphatically, "Let us remember that no nation has ever been great, which, in comparison with itself, did not hold the rest of the world *in contempt*." The editor of the *Museum* has never entertained these sentiments and views. He knows that great nations have owed their fall, in part, to the contempt in which they blindly held the rest of the world. He would be content, however, as an American, if the hate and the enmity manifested against America by the British writers, deserved the epithets which the Edinburgh writer has connected with those words: But there is nothing *generous* in their enmity or *noble* in their hate.

Two articles concerning Napoleon Bonaparte are inserted in the present number. In the history of the age, he forms the most prominent and important figure; and curiosity is not yet sated even with regard to the most trivial of his remarks and the loosest of his opinions. What is related by Mr. Vivian, in the extract from the *London Literary Gazette*, deserves, perhaps, entire credit. Napoleon would not seem to have understood the causes of our late war with Great Britain, nor to have had very accurate notions of our domestic condition. The editor has adopted the best analysis which he could find of Mr. O'Meara's work. Some distrust may be indulged in respect to the statements of this writer. He may have fallen into mistake, exaggeration, or fiction, in the opinions which he ascribes to the imperial exile; and Napoleon himself in relating the story of his career,—supposing O'Meara to be exact and faithful in repeating what he heard,—would naturally see or exhibit his own intentions and conduct in the best light, and those of his enemies and rivals in the worst.

MUSEUM.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

POLYHYMNIA.—BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

IT can no longer be a complaint of this age that English songs, without their music, are senseless and inanimate things; for within a very short period of time the most celebrated of our poets have contributed to this delightful species of poetry; and a young lady at her piano may, with the turning over but few leaves, choose for her voice a song of Moore's, or Byron's, or W. Scott's, or Campbell's. To be sure, Moore's morality and Byron's piety are two for a pair;—but in the light Scotch words of the two latter, there is all that is unexceptionable; and even in the two former, a want of meaning is certainly their last sin. It is with very sincere pleasure that we can now add the name of Montgomery to those of the illustrious lyrists we have just mentioned; and who that has read the Wanderer of Switzerland and the minor pieces of this poet, can for a moment doubt his power to be great in song? The present little work is composed of seven very beautiful songs written to foreign airs, and as we have the author's permission to publish them in the LONDON MAGAZINE, we shall take them at his word, and let them assert their own beauty;—certainly, to our taste, they have that exquisite union of tenderness, melancholy and truth, which makes a good song perfect.

The first piece is entitled *Reminiscence*; it is exceedingly plain-tive and unaffectedly pathetic.

REMINISCENCE.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estrang'd from me, or parted;
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.
Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea in soul my friend and brother still?
Heav'n receiv'd thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.
Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
Love and gladness I no longer see;
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.
Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release.
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

The air is remarkable for sweetness and pathos. The accompaniment presents only chords repeated in regular succession, supporting, but not disturbing the voice, while the short symphonies are full of expressiveness.

* Polyhymnia, or Select Airs of Celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this work, by James Montgomery. The music arranged by C. F. Hesse.

Montgomery's Polyhymnia.

Youth, Manhood, and Age, the next piece, is of another character; and though one in which the author is eminently successful, perhaps it is not the most fitted for song.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE.

Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heav'n and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth.
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift Time, from years their motion stealing.
Unperceiv'd hath sober Manhood brought;
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,
Tinges Fancy's fairy dreams with thought;
Till the heart, no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, Old Age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the scene;
Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful Eternity.

The music is a fine motivo, exalted a little from its tone of deep feeling by an accompaniment of more motion and variety than the last. These things almost rise to the level of some of Haydn's Canzonets (the most exquisite things of the kind ever written), and may claim a place in the memory with his Despair and the Wanderer.

The War Song (the words of which were given in our last No. page 456,) is remarkable for strength, simplicity, and expression; mixing, however, no small portion of melody with its more animating qualities. The symphonies and accompaniments are characteristically plain.

Meet Again, is the subject of all subjects for music. It is almost a song that sings of itself!

MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words, we meet again!
Love's own language comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting:
Life in death to meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to day and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.
Joyful words, &c.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home.
Joyful words, &c.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heav'n at last:
Joyful words, &c.

This is set for three voices, with a solo, and a return to the trio.

There is an admirable spirit and beauty in the following.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day, when sullen darkness lowers,
And heav'n and earth are hid from sight;
Cheer up, cheer up; ere long the op'ning flowers
With dewy eyes shall shine in light.

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees;
Cheer up, cheer up; all beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind;
Cheer up, cheer up; the voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace; though dread artill'ry rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground;
Cheer up, cheer up; where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose, with noontide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast:
Cheer up, cheer up; grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief thy story;
Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;
Look up, look up; eternity and glory
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

The music is of an intense but darker character in its opening; the reverse of the movement of which *Meet Again* consists. The air has a similar, but more marked division. Here also the composer, or the adapter, has shown his knowledge of effect in the accompaniment.

The home truth of the *Pilgrimage*, which follows, is delightful. We could wish that English songs should be distinguished by, and valued for, this character.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

How blest the pilgrim who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail or griefs impend.
Care flies before his footsteps, straying
At daybreak o'er the purple heath,
He plucks the wild flow'rs round him playing,
And binds their beauties in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves;
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire;
Yea, though the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer by his ev'ning fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he lov'd forsakes his view,
Sweet is Affection's voice replying,
"I follow soon," to his "adieu."

Montgomery's Polyhymnia.

Nay then, though earthly ties are riven,
 The spirit's union will not end,
 Happy the man, whom Heav'n hath given
 In life and death a faithful friend.

It is a bass sostenuto song, expressive and elegant. The passages are cast into the best parts of the voice. It reminds us of the *Qui sdegno* of Mozart, though the resemblance is in the style, not in the melody. There is a second part for two tenors, which adds a variety to its intrinsic beauty.

The last piece, *Aspirations of Youth*, is the call of Genius to Glory, which can only be truly heard through the air of poetry. With infinite spirit and truth is combined a feeling which carries the invocation to the heart. We should think that this little piece beautifully sung would waken a slumbering mind to its fullest energies.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time,
 In our country's story;
 Happy, when her welfare calls,
 He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil,
 In the mines of knowledge;
 Nature's wealth, and Learning's spoil,
 Win from school and college;
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,
 Through the path of duty.
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty;
 Minds are of celestial birth,
 Make we then a heav'n of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit,
 In the wildest weather:
 O, they wander wide, who roam
 For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,
 Draw our souls in union,
 To our Father's house above,
 To the saints' communion:
 Thither ev'ry hope ascend,
 There may all our labours end.

The music consists of an animating strain like the War Song. The succeeding verses are in the nature of variations, which are introduced either upon the melody itself, or into the accompaniment, and each is concluded with a chorus—a repetition of the last bars of the air with a different accompaniment.

Having thus given every word of this interesting publication, our readers may suppose that they need not seek the work elsewhere; but if they suppose that, admiring it, they can do without the music, they are mistaken. The words are so married to the music, that in reading they seem to pine for that voice which gives them feeling, force,

and spirit. The airs are beautifully selected, and most skilfully arranged; and we only wish that Mr. Hasse, who by this work so forcibly proves his power, would not stay here,—but, seeking other melodies, and inspiring his present companion, would lay other delightful songs at the feet of Polyhymnia.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

WALTER OF AQUITAINE.—AN HISTORIC ROMANCE.

THE ancient poem, of which we are about to give an account, belongs to that extraordinary *Cyclos* of poetry (as the German critics have termed it) which relates the overthrow of the heroic house of the Nibelungs, and the extinction of their line. What is before us is the German translation of the *Latin* original; of which the oldest, most complete, and apparently the most correct copy, is contained in a MS. of the ninth century, written on parchment, and extant when this translation was made, in the Margrave's library at Carlsruhe. The Latin poem was published at Leipzig, with a good commentary by Professor FISCHER, of Halle, about the year 1780, from an incomplete MS. of the thirteenth century. The translation in question was made soon after, from the older MS. by Fr. Molter, the librarian; his preface bearing the date 1782, though the year on the title-page of our copy is 1818.

The poem, which is in four cantos, is remarkable for a character of antique simplicity, rudeness, and strength; and though its phraseology is often imitated from the classical poets of Rome, a necessary effect of writing with any feeling in their language and measure, often borrowing their expressions, with here and there the appropriation of a line, or a longer passage, yet is it animated and moulded, as a whole, by an unequivocal native German spirit. The manners bespeak their own originality; and the story is of the pure type of ROMANCE;—interesting to literary research, as it presents an authentic specimen of that kind of composition, from the native fable of modern Europe, in a much older form than we elsewhere possess. From the internal character, the subject, and, as far as it appears, the date, there is little room to doubt, that it is itself taken (not indeed as a translation, but in the free manner in which tales were rendered from one language to another,) directly from one of those ancient *historical poems* of the Germans, which, as is well known, were in existence in an oral state to the time of Charlemagne, by whose command they were collected and written.—And which in the opinion of the best German critics, in part remain to us, though unquestionably, as remodelled, in a much later form, in the *Lied der Nibelungen*, and the other old rhythmical romances, which relate to the adventures of the same and contemporary heroes. It is in this light, as an original German, not as a barbarous Latin poem, that this piece is curious and valuable; and it is upon this consideration, that we have thought it worth while, in the difficulty, in this country at least, of meeting with the Latin original, to give an account of it from the present translation. Our story will be sometimes an abstract, sometimes a simple rendering of the version in our hands, which we have reason to regard as very literal; and

which, it may here be observed, is executed, notwithstanding its fidelity, with much force and spirit,—in blank verse, as it should seem intentionally rude. The reader will remark a sprinkling of the author's learning at the outset, which reappears occasionally during his progress, but troubles him least when he is most earnestly engaged in the real interest of his narration.

The third part of the earth, my brothers, is Europe. This is divided into many nations, unlike in name, manners, speech, religion. In Pannonia are the Huns seated, a gallant people, who, flourishing in virtues as in arms, ruled not only over the bordering countries, but stretched their might to the ocean-strand; and, masters of peace and war, have reigned more than a thousand years.

This empire, in former times, King ATTILA held. He summoned his host, and ordered his march for the territory of the Franks. The Frank King GIBICHO, held rejoicing for an heir, the Prince GUNTHER, when tidings reached him that a power, exceeding in number the sand and the stars, was marching over the Ister. He called together his council to deliberate on the national emergency; and it was resolved to accede to the alliance of the Huns, to give tribute and hostages as required, rather than expose land and life, wives and children, to the fury of the invaders.

At the court was a noble stripling, of *Trojan* blood, of high endowments, HAGANO.* As the Prince Gunther was yet too young to be removed from a mother's care, HE was chosen for the pledge of peace; and ambassadors took the youth, and the tribute, and made good the league.

At that time was Burgundy divided under strong sceptres.—HERRICH held the mightiest. He had one daughter, HILTEGUND, noble in soul and form, the destined heiress of his kingdom and his long-collected treasures. But when peace was made between the *Avars* and the Franks, and the host turned back from the frontier, Attila directed his swift march on Burgundy. Already had they passed the deep streams, the Saone and the Rhone, and spread themselves out for plunder. At that time was Herrich at Chalons. Suddenly the watchman looked up, and cried, "A cloud of dust arises.—The foe comes.—Make fast the gates." The King goes to council. He knew what had been done in the land of the Franks. He proposes to render tribute and make friendship with the Huns, offering his daughter as hostage.—The council assent.—Messengers are despatched to Attila, who, receiving them with his accustomed friendship, said, "More disposed to alliances than to battles, the people of the Huns ruleth willingly in peace. Unwillingly we take up arms, and those only who oppose us do we smite. Let the King come, and give and take peace." The King accordingly comes, brings uncourted gifts and his daughter.

* *Hagen* or *Hagene*, as his name is found in the German Romances, especially in the poem of the *NIBELUNGS*, of which he is a principal hero. His designation is of *Troneg*, *Tronege*, or *Tronie*, as it is variously written; either the ancient name of Kirchheim in Alsace, not far from Strasburgh, or, possibly, *Troneck* near Treves. But some forms of the story give *Treja* instead, incorrectly, as in the present poem. It is remarkable how early the great tale of Troy, which took such strong hold upon the fancy of the new nations of Europe, began to corrupt the traditions of their native history.

—"The fairest jewel of her parents goes into misery;" and the alliance is concluded.—Attila proceeds westward.

The kingdom of Aquitaine was at that time governed by Alpher, whose son, Prince **WALTER**, was then just rising into the bloom of youth. This king was under compact with Herrich, to wed their two children as soon as their age should permit. Alpher saw the approach of the conquerors, and feared. "To what end," said he, "do we stand on our defence, when we can make no war? Doth not Burgundy, doth not the Frank show us example? Will it dishonour us to be like these?" And he too submits to the tributary alliance, and delivers his son into the hands of Attila as hostage for his good faith. Loaded with treasures, and with joyful hearts, the Huns withdrew, and took Hagano, the beautiful Hiltegund, and Prince Walter, with them.

Attila, who discovers himself to be a monarch of much more amiable dispositions than has been usually understood, treats his prisoners very gently; showing them nothing but love and indulgence, and educating them as if they were his own children. The two youths were never out of his sight; and he deigned to be himself their instructor in noble arts, and in those games of war which the Huns were wont from time to time to hold. They grew in spirit as in years, till they excelled heroes in prowess, and sages in wit. No Hun might be their mate. They held the first places in Attila's wars, and triumphed in every field; on which account they became very dear to him. The Lady Hiltegund too, through her diligence, her skill in women's employments, and her chosen manners, was in no less favour with the Queen, to whose service she had been attached. She was appointed keeper of the royal treasure, and in the household might almost be said to rule jointly with the Queen, for nothing was done but by her counsel and direction.

In the mean time King Gibicho dies; and his son, Prince Gunther, on his accession, refuses tribute; which Hagano no sooner hears, than he makes his escape, and joins his Prince. Walter was at that time absent on one of his victorious expeditions. Ospirin, the Queen, arguing from Hagano's proceeding what Walter's was likely to be, prudently bespeaks the King, communicating to him her apprehensions, and recommending to him as soon as Walter shall return, for whom she expresses the highest regard, calling him nothing less than the pillar of the state, to address him in a very gracious speech, commending all his great and valuable services, and desiring him in return to choose a wife out of the noblest houses in Pannonia, with assurance of advancing him so high in the country and in the palace, that no one shall blush to have given him his daughter. The hero returns, and Attila punctually executes the Queen's suggestion. But Prince Walter, who all the while the King was speaking, was judiciously considering what answer he should make him, eludes the snare; and representing to Attila that a married man can never be a true warrior, that it is for the state's service he should remain single, and that all he desires in the world is to perform his duty to the King with all faith, zeal, and obedience, the good-hearted Attila is willing to hope that all may yet go well, and gives up his proposal.

At this juncture, one of the vanquished nations revolts; and Walter is sent to reduce them to submission. He overthrows their host with his customary facility, in one great battle, and returns home in

splendid triumph. The court-followers run out to meet him, and begin questioning him about his campaign. He tells them as much as serves to pacify their curiosity, and then wearily treading the court, he passes on to the chambers of the palace. There he finds Hiltegund. When he had kissed, and tenderly embraced her, "Give me, love," he said, "to drink, for I am faint and wearied." She fills a costly goblet with wine, and reaches it to the warrior; and stands by, gazing in silence, upon the countenance of her lord, till Walter had drained it off, and returned it empty to her hand. They knew both that they were destined to one another. Then thus bespeaks he the beloved maiden:—"So long a time do we suffer in misery, and know what our parents have resolved concerning us. How long do we stifle this within the speechless mouth?"—The maiden thinks he mocks her.—She is silent a little space, and answers, "Why speakest thou with feigned tongue that which in thy inward soul thou disdainest, persuading me with thy lips, whilst thy heart gainsays, as thinking it a scorn to take such a bride?"—The youth replies with prudence, assuring her that he speaks sincerely; and adds, "Did I know that thou wert ready to hearken to me, and to yield belief and compliance to my hidden wishes, I would discover to thee in confidence the secrets of my heart." Therewith the damsel bows herself to the knee of the young hero, and says, "Whither thou callest, my lord, will I diligently follow, nor will I ever prefer aught to thy will and behest."—"Know then," said he, "I am long since weary of this exile. Oftentimes do I bethink me of the ever dear borders of our native land, which we had no choice but to forsake. I will now speed my secret flight. This might I indeed have done many days ago, but it rued me to leave thee, Hiltegund, alone behind me." The good maiden spoke from her inmost bosom: "Let my lord command. Good and ill will I bear willingly through love to him." Walter then imparts to her his plans, and gives her her instructions. Her own preparations are such as, it must be regretted, are not reconcileable with our usual expectation of the principles of heroes and heroines. Being keeper of the treasure, she is to bring Walter the King's helmet and coat of mail, and the treble-twisted cuirass that bears the artist's mark. She is then to take two moderate-sized chests, and in these so much of the bracelets and jewels of Pannonia, that she can scarce lift one up to the breast; four pair of sandals for him, and as many for herself. So will the chests be tolerably well filled. Nor must she forget the crooked-toothed angling gear, for both fish and birds must be their meat. Necessity will teach him the manner of its use. All this is to be ready in a week. The part he takes upon himself is in the way of more pardonable stratagem, and is conceived in perfect adaptation to the manners and customs of the court of Pannonia. When Phæbus the seventh time returns on his course, he will give a jocund and sumptuous banquet to the King and Queen, the princes, the military commanders, and the officers of the court, all of whom he trusts, by liberal and diligent entertainment, to place out of the danger of offering any interruption to the farther proceedings of their intended flight. She must be careful to drink as little as possible, scarcely allowing herself as much as will allay her thirst. At the moment of their rising from *eating*, she is to betake herself to her employment, and he to his. When he has succeeded in shutting up the eyes and the understand-

ings of his guests he will join her, and they are then to set out for the tracts of the north. She disposes herself to execute her charge.

The day of the feast is arrived. The court of the palace is covered over with magnificent hangings, and the tables are loaded. The King enters; the noble warrior bows to him with accustomed reverence, and leads him to his throne. The King takes his seat, with a Duke (a military leader) on either hand. The officer of the court marshals the rest to their places, and the company sit down by hundreds. The guests aseat, it is related, with the quantity they have to eat; and, as soon as one course is carried off, another is brought in. The colour and the sweetness of the wine are irresistible, and they drink very much to their satisfaction during dinner, their host sedulously encouraging them. At length the tables are removed, and the hero, Walter, advancing before the monarch, thus addresses him:—"I entreat thee, my lord and sovereign, let thy favour to me now be seen, and be thou an example to all that are here present, to make themselves joyous with thee." With this he hands him a drinking-vessel, graven with the deeds of the mighty dead; which the King condescendingly empties at a draught, commanding all the others to drink after him. Walter's design takes effect to the height of his wishes. The King and his whole court are more and more convinced with wine and was-sail, till at last they are all laid about on the ground, so effectually composed for the night, that if the walls had been in flames, says our author, not one of them would have known there was any thing the matter. Walter, who, in thus disposing of the senses of his guests, had most heedfully guarded his own, now calls his Princess to bring down what she had prepared; and going to the stable, he leads out the conqueror of all horses, whom for his strength he had named the Lion. He equips him, loads him with the two chests, one on each side, with a moderate supply of provisions for their long journey, and gives the bridle into the maiden's hand. He himself, mailed like a giant, sets a helmet, over which a red crest of feathers nods, upon his head, on his thighs puts golden cuishes, girds his two-edged sword on his left side, and on his right hip the steel sharpened after the manner of Pannonia, on one edge only. With his right hand he grasps the spear, the shield with his left. Thus furnished for their flight, they set out; Hiltegunnd leading the war-horse, who bare more than a ton of gold. They travelled as far as they were able that night; kept the woods in the day-time; avoided all hamlets and open fields, and held their course as much as possible by unfrequented and devious mountain paths.

About noon the next day, the guests began to awake and to inquire for Walter, that they might greet him with solemn praises and thanks for his hospitality. Attila himself, holding his head with both hands, came from his sleeping chamber, calling on Walter with groans and sighs, possibly, says our author, intending to complain to him of his headach. The servants bring word that Walter is no where to be found. Attila still hopes that he is only sleeping out his carouse in some more unmolested place of rest. But when Ospirin saw that Hiltegunnd too was missing, and did not attend as usual to attire her, she knew that her fears were accomplished. She tells Attila that Walter has fled, and taken the Princess with him. "Alas for the wine that has laid Pannonia desolate! The prop of the empire is gone. Strength

and renowned valour depart from the land. He that was the light of Pannonia, the proud warrior Walter, is fled, and has carried off with him my beloved Hiltegund."

The King is full of anger, grief, and consternation; and, for that day and night, appears to be too much disconcerted with his misfortune to know what course to pursue. The next morning he assembles and addresses his Senate—"O who will bring me back the runaway Walter, chained like a misbehaved hound? I will clothe him in pure gold, I will heap lands upon him, nor stint though I stop his way with tons of gold!"—But in all the empire was neither Prince nor Duke, Count nor warrior, nor armour-bearer, gladly as he would have shown his prowess in the field, to win lasting renown and treasures too by his achievements, that would dare to overtake the hero with arms; for they had seen the slaughter he made, and how he always stood invulnerable in the fight. So that the king was not able to persuade any one on such perilous conditions to earn the tons of gold which he proffered.

Meanwhile Walter fled: and, as was observed, he journeyed by night, and when day came sought the thickets and woods. With cunning he enticed the birds, catching them now with bird-lime, now with springes. When he came where a stream ran in windings, he threw in his line. All the time of his flight Walter, the honourable hero, behaved himself full of modesty and virtue towards his maiden. Forty times had the sun brought back day to the world since he left the Pannonian city, when he came at evening to the bank of the river Rhine, which holds its course onward towards the royal capital, Worms. He gave there instead of money for his passage, the fish he had taken, and hastened forwards. With daybreak the ferryman sought the city, carrying to the King's head-cook the fish he had received for his fare. They were richly served up. The King was in admiration when he beheld them. "Never," said he, "did my France yield me such fish as these are. Methinks they are surely from another land. Who brought them?"—On the report of the head-cook the ferryman is sent for, who, on being questioned, answers,—“I sat yesterday evening by the Rhine-strand, and saw that one journeying came armed from head to foot, as he that expecteth some fight. He came all iron, renowned King, and whither he went, he bears his broad shield and his naked lance with him. He seemed like a man of prowess; though he bore a heavy load, he strode with mighty steps. A damsel follows him, adorned with incredible beauty, treading fast on the heels of the youth, and leading by the bridle a gallant steed, that on his back bears two chests nothing small. As oft as the proud beast shakes his lofty mane, and throws forward his supple limbs, they give out a sound, as if gold and jewels struck together. This stranger gave me for my hire the fish of which you demand me.”

Hagano, who sat at meat with the King, could not for a moment be deceived on hearing this report. "Rejoice with me," he cries, "I know well who it is. My fellow-captive Walter returns home from the Huns."—The whole court rejoices.—But King Gunther has other thoughts in his head.—“Rejoice with me,” he cries, “that I have lived to this fortune. That treasure which Gibicho my father sent to the eastern King, the Heavenly Ruler sends me back.” Crying thus aloud, he pushes the table from him with his foot, and springs up:

commands to bring out his war-horse, and to cover him with the carved saddle. He seeks among the whole people twelve men stark of strength, and of tried courage. Hagano must be of their company. But mindful of ancient faith and of his former comrade, Hagano strives hard to dissuade the king, his lord, from his purpose. The unfortunate King will listen to no remonstrance, and they go forth from the town.

In the mean time the courageous man journeys forward from the river into the Wasgau, as it was then, says the poet, and is still called. Here a boundless forest extends: the haunt of wild beasts, and often resounding with hound and horn. In the midst of the desert rise two contiguous hills: between them winds inward a very narrow but a pleasant cavern, not shaped in the hollow earth, but by the meeting of the overhanging rocks,—a convenient retreat for blood-thirsty robbers. It was now grown over with the green matting of grass. The youth scarce saw it ere he exclaimed, "Here let us enter. Here in this lair is it good to give the weary body to rest." Since he had made his escape from the Avars had he tasted no sleep, save resting on his shield, and scarce trusting to close his eyes. But now for once he laid aside his warlike burden, and sunk on the lap of the maid, saying to her, "Look, Hiltegund, watchfully around thee. And when thou seest a dark cloud ascend, then gently touch me, to give me the signal to arise. And shouldst thou behold even the mightiest host, yet beware thee beloved, to call me suddenly from sleep. From this place canst thou stretch thy keen sight far into the distance." With that he closed his lightsome eyes, and tasted long the oft-wished-for sleep.

Gunther and his companions come, Hagano still warning them, but still in vain.

When Hiltegund from the ascent of the hill saw the dust rising, and might hear the distant sound of the coming, she gently touches Walter to awaken him. The youth rises, leisurely arms himself, and then, leaping, hews into the empty air, as a prelude to the grateful fight. The maiden sees the sparkling lances draw near, and believing that they are overtaken by the Huns, kneels down, and begs her betrothed, since she must not share his bed, to take her life, that she may suffer no other embrace. "Shall I stain myself," said the youth, "with innocent blood? How shall my sword destroy my foes, if it spare not my so beloved friend? Fear not. He who has saved me in so many perils, has power to save me now." He then lifted up his eyes, and cried, "Not Huns are here, but those knaves the Franks, the dwellers of the land. And," cried he, laughing, as he distinguished Hagano's helmet, "see, there is Hagano too, my old comrade in arms." With these words he places himself at the entrance of his retreat, and says to the lady, "Hear a proud word which I now speak. From this place no Frank returns to boast with his wife, that he has borne away aught with impunity of this rich treasure." Scarce had he said it, when he fell to the earth, and implored forgiveness of the words he had spoken.—On rising, he regards every thing more attentively, and says that he fears only Hagano of all that he sees: for he knows his manner of fighting, and is himself a practised warrior: yet he hopes with God's help to vanquish him too, "and then, Hiltegund, my bride, then am I thine."

When Hagano beheld Walter, he again addressed himself to the King, urging him before any act of violence, to send one to inquire of the stranger his name and race. It was possible he might be willing to yield up his treasure without bloodshed. If it was indeed Walter, he would, "as a wise soldier, for the sake of honour, be willing to concede to the King." The King sends forward Camelo, who had been set as Burgrave over Metz by the Franks, and who had arrived but the day before at the court, bringing presents. He demands of Walter who he is,—whence and whither he journeys. Walter, in reply, desires to know whether he speaks of himself, or under authority of another. Camelo replies with proud lips, "Know that King Gunther, who rules over this land, has sent me to inquire into thy matters." The youth makes answer, "I know not in truth what need there is to inquire into a traveller's affairs. But I do not shun to declare mine. My name is Walter. Aquitaine gave me birth. I was delivered young by my father to the Huns, as a hostage. With them have I lived. These left I lately from desire to see with delight my dear native land, and my gracious people." Camelo requires of him, on the King's part, his treasure, his steed, and his maiden; assuring him, that on his quiet compliance, he shall be injured neither in life nor limb. "Is thy King a God," answers Walter, "to be the giver of life?—What! has he laid the strength of his arm upon me?—Has he cast me into his dungeon?—Has he bound my hands behind my back?" Nevertheless, for honour to the King's name, he offers him, if he will suffer him to go peaceably on his way, a hundred bracelets of precious metal. The ambassador returns, and Hagano is very earnest with the King to agree to the proposal. "Take the tendered jewels, and adorn with them those who accompany thee, father! Give up a strife in which thou canst not conquer!" He then adds the warning of a vision of the preceding night, in which he had beheld the King contending with a bear, which, after a long conflict, he saw rend up his leg to the knee, and to the hip, and which, when he himself came to his aid, flung itself upon him, and with its teeth tore out his eyes. Gunther vehemently upbraids Hagano with cowardice, like that, as he says, of his father *Agathias* (a name for which it seems difficult to conjecture a German origin). The hero in great anger refuses all participation in the violence they are about to commit, and retires to a neighbouring hill, where he dismounts and sits down to await as a spectator the issue of the combat. And this brings us to the middle of the second canto.

From this place to nearly the end of the third is occupied in disposing of the King's eleven knights, who proceed, one after another, against Walter, and are killed nearly as fast as they come up. The reason why they do not all fall upon him together does not appear to be any point of honour upon the subject among themselves, or any predilection on the part of the monarch for single combats, but simply, that the nature of the ground where Walter had posted himself, did not admit the attack of more than one combatant at a time. The detail of the eleven successive combats is minute, and to such minds as are now left to read the celebration of ancient prowess, something tedious: the more so, in virtue of certain speeches on both sides, of some length, all of which are, nevertheless, sufficiently opposite and magnanimous. Each encounter is varied, however, with circumstances which give the appearance of painting from nature, and which, to hear-

ers versed in the proceedings it describes, may have made this a very agreeable part of the poem. The delineation is strong and characteristic; and to the student of the manners and spirit of ancient times, it will prove even interesting. The recital of the names and conditions, as far as these are declared, of the said knights, will probably satisfy the curiosity of most readers concerning them.

The first is the said Camelo. The next Kimo, a brother's son of Camelo, by some called also Scaramund. The third, Wurhard, a descendant of the ancient Pandarus, who is correctly mentioned by our author as having broken off the treaty of the Trojans and Greeks, by the first arrow-shot. Wurhard, like his great ancestor, excels, and fights, as an archer. The fourth, Ekevid, is from the Saxon plains. He is taunted by Walter, rather unaccountably, with his *Celtic* accent, showing him to belong to that race which nature has gifted, above all others, with the talent of jesting. Hadwart follows, a warrior who, from pride of courage, wore no armour. Patavid, sister's son to Hagano, is the sixth. The combat with him is not without interest. Hagano first, and then Walter, on understanding their relationship, endeavour in vain to dissuade him from the unequal strife. Gerwith, whom Worms honoured as Count of the Wasgau, comes to avenge, and shares his fate. Randolf, the champion, is killed, eighth. Helmnod, otherwise *Eleuther*, ninth.—(Is this a *Greek* translation of a German agnomen?)—Trogunt and Thanast, the tenth and eleventh, are put to death rather in an intermingled way, and finish this act of the tragedy.

There is, as we have observed, sufficient character and variety in this series of bloody encounters. They are not, to our mind, *poetical*; but the stern and savage detail gives the temper of times, in which minds, otherwise generous, are hardened by the habitual exertion of their single strength, in conflict with deadly hazards; and the language expresses the earnest sympathy of the poet with men whose passions are engaged to the height in the business they are about. Of military matters, it occurs, that Walter bore a *painted* shield—that the battle-axe of the Franks was two-edged. Helmnod's mode of attack is singular—he launches a three-forked dart at the shield of his antagonist, fastened with a line, at which all that are left alive at the time drag with their united strength, expecting either to pull the warrior over, or to force his shield from him. They effect the last. The self-willed, imprudent, ungovernable temper of Gunther, who, notwithstanding his repeated losses, is still urging the remnant on, is well portrayed.—As are throughout the frank magnanimity and unshaken self-reliance of the heroic Walter—and the courage and artful wisdom of Hagano, the Ulysses of old German romance.

All the eleven being now dead, the King, who had alighted to assist in the last-described operation, mounts his horse and flies to Hagano. A dialogue ensues. To the King's entreaty, that he would undertake the combat, Hagano calmly replies, that he is of too unworthy a race to take part in the noble perils of war; that the blood frozen in his veins robs him of all courage for the fight; that even his father was used to shrink back in fear when he looked on weapons, and with many words, to avoid the challenge of battle, reiterating the King's former taunts. The King renews his supplication. His representations are so forcibly made, and the sight of his sovereign, humiliated

and suppliant, so touching, that shame seizes the breast of the warrior, and he consents to aid the King with his arm and counsel. Refusing positively, however, to attack Walter in his present advantageous position, he proposes to the King that they should draw off, and conceal themselves, while their horses crop the meadow. Walter will suppose them gone, and proceed on his journey. They may then set on him by surprise. This is the only hope left in such an unfortunate business. Then the King, if he is bent upon it, may have fighting as much as he desires; for Walter, he assures him, will not fly before them both. But they will have to fly, or else to fight most gallantly. The King is delighted with his advice; embraces and kisses him; they retire; look out the most convenient place for their ambush, and, securing their horses, leave them to feed.

The fourth canto informs us that Phœbus sunk westward, working his track over the well-known Thule, which leaves behind its back the Scots and the Hiberni. When he had warmed the ocean-flood, and Hesperus had turned his horns towards Ausonia, the prudent hero began to ponder whether he should pass the night in his strong-hold, or trust himself to the immeasurable plains of the long-stretching desert. Nothing was suspicious to him except Hagano, and the kiss which the King had given him. Had they returned to the town to assemble more companions in the night, and to renew the attack with early morning? Or were they alone, concealed in some ambush, to lie in wait for him? This appeared doubtful. The unknown ways of the forest also disturbed him, and the apprehension that he might somewhere lose his bride in thickets, or by wild beasts. He concludes at last to wait out the night. "Let what will befall, King Gunther shall have no cause to say that he fled like a thief by night and mist." He then throws a hasty defence of boughs and thorns across the narrow way, and, turning towards the bodies—the trunks is the expression, for he had severed every head from the body—with a bitter sob, he muffles up his head, and throwing himself on the earth towards the east, he prays with his sword bared. "Him who made all things, who rules all things, and without whose will nothing comes to pass—Him do I thank, that he has guarded me from the merciless weapons and scorn of this hostile swarm. Also, with sorrow, I beseech the mild God, who seeks not so much to destroy the sinner as the sin, that he one day grant me the grace to see them all together in heaven." It can hardly be otherwise understood than that the Christian poet has here ascribed to his hero a feeling which he did not find in the native story. When he had ended his prayer he stood up, and fastening the six horses that were left—for two were slain, and three Gunther had taken with him—with cords of well-platted rods, so as to leave them liberty to range in a circle and feed, he ungirds and unarms his body, now reeking from his toil, and with cheerful words comforts his troubled bride. After refreshing himself with food, he lays himself down to rest on his shield, Hiltegund watching him in his first sleep. He slept. The lady sat at the head of her beloved, and watched unwearyed. To keep her own slumberous eyes open, she sang. As soon as Walter awoke he stood up, and willed the maiden to take her rest. He himself grasped his spear, undepressed in spirit, on which he leaned. So he passed the remainder of the night. Now he takes a course about his horses. Now he draws unto his rampart, and harks

and listens, and wishes that light and the shapes of things would return anew to the world. Meantime the herald of the day ascended from Olympus, and the lightsome Taprobane saw already the glad sun. It was the hour when the earth is bedewed from the cool east, that Walter drew off from the slain, as victor, armour and arms, with their appurtenance. Their shirts of mail, and other pieces, he left to the bodies; only the bracelets, the clasps, the baldrics, and the swords, with helmet and hauberk, he took from them. Four horses he loaded with the spoil; his bride he placed on the fifth; then mounting the sixth himself, he rode foremost to his barrier, which he had first broken through. In the narrow path he cast his eyes around, and looks intently, and caught with his ear the wind and every breath, if he might hear any one treading or whispering near, or if the bridles or the bits of the haughty ones rang, or if the steeled hoof of the coming horses sounded. But all was silent. Then he let the loaded horses and the beloved maiden go forward with his treasure—and he follows. They had scarce passed fifty paces, when the maiden, from an impulse of the heart, round, sees two armed riders descending impetuously a hill. She calls to the youth to fly. He turns, knows them; and, nothing moved, directs her to lead the Lion into the near wood, and conceal herself, while he mounts a hill back to await and greet the men who are approaching. She does so. And he, gathering up spear and shield, begins to prove his unknown steed, whether it be manageable to arms. The King, accompanied by the bold warrior, rushes madly towards him; calling aloud, insulting, threatening, and defying him.

To him the warrior answers not: as one that heareth not, he hath turned him from the King unto Hagano. "With thee," he cries, "have I to speak. Hold! what nath changed so suddenly the trusted friend? He who but late at his departing seemed to tear himself so reluctantly from our embrace, falls now in arms upon us, on us who have in nothing ever done him wrong. Something other than this, I own, I had hoped from thee. When thou, methought, shouldst know that it was thy friend who returned from exile, thou wouldst of thy own accord hasten to meet him, greet him with honour, and, unasked, lovingly entertain him as thy guest, till thou shouldst let him depart in peace and safety unto his father's realm. Already did I devise with myself how I should bestow thy gifts, and said inwardly, Now, indeed, must I wander through many unknown regions; yet at the least do I fear, if Hagano be living, the hand of no Frank. I adjure thee by all the sports which, as boys, we learnt together, and in delightful unity pursued through our season of youth, whither is the celebrated friendship fled, which went with us in field, at home, which knew never bitterness nor grudge? for thy aspect was cause to me of the forgetting even of my father, and with thee my noble country seemed to me of lesser worth. Is it possible! dost thou in thy soul extinguish that off-plighted faith? O leave from strife and heavy wrong! Wage thou this war no more. To us be our unbroken covenant holy. If thou consent, thou goest hence increased in wealth, for I will fill thy broad shield with the rich red metal." Then made Hagano ungentle answer.—"First thou usest force, then, Walter, then too late dost thou make pretence with seeming words of wisdom. It was thyself that didst violate our league. Though thou sawest me present, yet with thy fierce sword thou madest waste among my comrades and my kindred.

Thou canst never excuse thyself not to have known that I was there, for if thou mightest ill discern my face, yet my arms thou sawest, and from the armour couldst know the man. All else perchance I could have borne, had not one intolerable grief been added. A flower pleasant and beautiful, dear and precious to me; alas! a flower full of hope and promise, thy deadly steel like a scythe mowed down. For this do I accept neither price nor gift. But I will know if courage inhabit with thee. From thee do I require my nephew's blood; and in this place either I die, or obtain renown."

So saying, he springs from his horse to the ground: Gunther and Walter do the same: all three prepared to fight on foot. Each stood and guarded himself from the coming blow. The heroes' limbs tremble under their shields. It was the second hour of the day when they began to fight; two armed men sworn against one. Some particulars of the fight are given, but by no means sufficient to fill up the whole time of the battle, which lasts seven hours. Hagano throws the first spear; it glances on Walter's upraised shield, and strikes deep into the ground. Gunther the overweening, with great bravery of countenance, but little strength, throws his the next; it lodges in the lower rim of the hero's shield, and is easily shaken off. They then attack him sword in hand, he defending himself with his spear. After a while, Gunther imagines the regaining of his own lance by stealth, which the poet, who seems to conceive the weapon to have been forfeited, takes greatly amiss. The process of his theft is carefully detailed, though it is after all a manœuvre rather difficult to understand. He nearly succeeds, but just as he is making off with the recovered lance, Walter observes him, and plucks it back. Gunther has exposed himself in the attempt, and is on the point of falling a sacrifice to his temerity, when Hagano the mighty in arms comes to his aid, and, covering him with his shield, presents the naked edge of his cruel sword before Walter's face. The King being rescued, they now fight fairly forward till the ninth hour: by which time it seems as if they all began to think the amusement had lasted long enough.

A threefold deadly feeling smote them all:
The grief of fight; sore toil; the sun's strong heat.

At length the single warrior reflects that if this is to continue, the two will inevitably tire him out: a new imagination crosses his mind, and he instantly takes his resolution. He makes a short impatient speech to Hagano, and springing up, throws his lance at him. It pierces shield, breast-plate, and slightly wounds the mighty body of the warrior. At the same moment he rushes impetuously with his drawn sword upon Gunther, dashes by his shield to the right, and, with an astonishing and puissant stroke, cleaves up shin, knee, and hip. The King falls over his shield at the feet of his terrible foe. The good liegeman Hagano turns pale on seeing the danger of his lord; and as Alpher's son raises his blood-thirsty sword for the last blow, heeding no longer his own pain, the hero thrusts his stooped head before the furious stroke. The helmet of perfect temper and artifice, receives the blow in such wise that the sparkles flash out, and the sword, shivering against the impenetrable metal, glitters in fragments in the air and on the grass. Walter, overcome with rage, loses all his self-command, and impatiently flings from him the useless hilt, disdaining it, much

as it was graced with skilful workmanship and costly metal. But as, in casting it away, he stretched out his hand widely from him, Hagano, espying his advantage, hews it off at the wrist, rejoicing to deal him so swift a wound. The dreaded, the conquering right hand, so honoured by rulers, by nations, falls in the midst of its act. But the warlike man, who was not used to yield even to adverse fortune, whose strong spirit vanquished all suffering of his body, let neither his hope nor his countenance fall. He hides the mutilated arm behind his shield, and with the uninjured hand draws his dagger, which hung girded on the right side, to avenge his loss. With it he struck out the gallant Hagano's right eye, slit down face and lip, and reft him of half a dozen cheek-teeth.

These bloody feats end their warfare. Every one was summoned, by his wounds and his spent breath, to lay aside his weapons. For which of them could go free from this strife? When all was over, they looked about at their trophies. Here lay King Gunther's foot—there Walter's hand, and a little to one side, Hagano's quivering eye. This was all the division they made of the bracelets of the Huns. Two—for the third was lying—two sat in the grass, and staunched the streams of blood that gushed from them. Then Alpher's son called the fearful concealed maiden, who came forth and bound up their wounds. He then said, "Bring, Hiltegund, bring hither wine. Bear first the goblet to Hagano. He is a brave man in battle, did he only not prefer loyalty to right. Bring it next to me, because I have endured more than the others. And Gunther, because he is so slothful, and yet has dared to appear among men who wield arms with might, lightly and slackly as he wages war, Gunther shall drink the last."—The daughter of Herrick obeys his words. But Hagano, much as his bosom panted with thirst, spake, as she proffered him the goblet, "Give it, lady, give it first to thy lord and bridegroom; for Alpher's son, I must confess it, is braver than I. He towers above me, and the Frank warriors all in the fight."

The heroes, unvanquished in spirit, fatigued in their whole body—Hagano, and the thorny son of the King of Aquitaine, began, after so many a bout of war and bloody dealing, to engage over their full cups in an encounter of wit. The Frank is gamesome on the future left-handed performances of his friend, and Walter makes as merry with the misfortune of the one-eyed *Sicambrian*, as he calls him. The rail-lery that passes speaks more for the stout heart of the warriors than for their talent at humour; but it derives some merit from the circumstances, and its strain is at least purely antique and original.

The story is here, abruptly, as it will appear to most readers, but undoubtedly on sufficient grounds, terminated. They now renew their bloody compact, meaning, apparently, their ancient compact, now sealed anew in blood. They lay the groaning King on his steed, and separate—the Franks for Worms—the Prince of Aquitaine for his native land. Here he was splendidly welcomed, and, beloved by all, reigned, after the death of his parents, thirty years over his happy people. What wars he waged, how often he triumphed, the worn-out pen of the author refuses him to describe.

Thou that shalt read, forgive the chirping grasshopper, and think not so much on her hoarse voice as on her tender years, which forbid her yet to forsake the nest, and stretch her flight through the loftier atmosphere.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL.*

There has sprung up in the present day a set of intolerable talkers, both in and out of print, whom if a man have any regard to fame or fortune, he had best make enemies of at once. We know not a more degrading thing to a literary man, than to find patrons in such animals. Their slander is innocuous and unnoticed; but their praise is a horrible penalty, and the everlasting drivel of their commendation continues to drip, drip, drip, till every man of taste foregoes his old opinions of admiration in order to be at variance with such wretches.

We must confess, that owing to this cause, we had experienced some feelings of alienation from Geoffrey Crayon. We were weary of hearing "Aristides called the Just;" and though ourselves had originated the cry, we felt greatly inclined to turn upon the yell of blind gapers at our heels, and put the idle band to the rout. But, alas! what is fame? Before our irksomeness had swelled into any thing like passion, lo! Rumour and all her crew had, of themselves, turned tail—had given over their cheers and huzzas,—and seemed longing and lying in wait for the former object of their applause, that they might cry him down like over-rated coin. The inferior magazines and journals, too, began to show their spite, and the New Monthly kept haggling month after month at and about Washington Irving, in a manner quite sickening to behold.

Now, the fact is, that the critical works of respectability praised the Sketch Book with justice, but bestowed on it no very extraordinary commendation. It was the talkers, the *blues*, who took up the theme—elevated it to the skies, and who now seem hugely inclined to precipitate it from its height of fame. Indeed, the "bustling Botherbys," never patronize an author beyond his first or second attempt. With them, Scott's last novel is sure to be vastly inferior to his former ones, and Byron's muse inevitably loses inspiration as she grows old. They delight in none but a new name—to be puffed for a day, and then abandoned to oblivion—a Cockney dramatist—or a versifying peasant. And Washington Irving, they no doubt think to treat after the same fashion. This resuscitated in us our dormant feelings of admiration;—the tide of our esteem flowed, as that of the vulgar began to ebb, and we opened the volume before us with those old predilections for the author, which, we are happy to find, have not diminished in the perusal.

"Bracebridge Hall," certainly does not possess the spirit of the Sketch Book. And the worthy family to whom we are introduced, and whose habits and peculiarities form the chief subject of the work, are on the whole rather dull. The lovers are insipid enough,—the General as tiresome as his own Indian stories,—Mr. Simon but a poor shadow of the famed Will Wimble of the Spectator, and the old Gentleman himself, given as the model of an English Squire of the present day, is as much like one as a courtier in the doublet and hose of Elizabeth's days, with Euphuism in his mouth, is like a modern lord in wait-

* Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humorists. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray, London, 1822.

ing. The great blemish of the work indeed is, that it is drawn not from life, but from musty volumes, and presents a picture of habits no where to be met with, except among those whom our author has formerly ridiculed as diurnal visitants of the British Museum. He has here fallen under his own ban, and so palpably, that the essay on "Book-Making," in the Sketch Book, looks like a prospective quiz upon Bracebridge Hall. The Squire is too much given to falconry and archery for a gentleman of the nineteenth century; he quotes Nashe's "Quaternis," and Tusser's "Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie;" directs the school discipline to be ordered after Peacham and Roger Ascham; and his sports after Markham's "Gentleman's Academie," instead of "Beckford on Hunting." While the young ladies, with a taste equally black-letter, sing "old songs of Herrick, or Carew, or Suckling," instead of Rossini, or Tom Moore.

But for all this, there are redeeming beauties even in the portion of the work we censure. The pictures of English life, though fraught with the defects above mentioned, are at times exceedingly humorous and just.—"Ready-money Jack" is not bad, although he, as well as the Schoolmaster, &c. are inferior to the "John Bull," the "Stage-coachman," and other characters of the Sketch Book. The Radical is perhaps the best thing of the kind in these volumes.

Wary and timorous as the author evidently is in expressing a political opinion, it is evident that a just view of the dangers and tendencies of the times has not escaped him. Whenever he is betrayed into the discussion of a subject of importance, he writes with such warmth and good sense, that it is only to be regretted he is not oftener serious, and has not devoted his pen to a subject more worthy of him, than amiable and elegant trifling.

On the work are engrafted three tales; the first of which, "the Student of Salamanca," is but middling. The last, "Dolph Heyliger," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, is very good, in the style of "Rip Van Winkle," full of those pictures of North American life and scenery, to us so interesting and so new. The other tale, called "Annette Delarbre," is indeed exquisitely beautiful, and displays stronger powers over the pathetic than are evinced even by the Sketch Book. But our limits, we fear, will not allow us to do justice to its merits in the way of extract; and, indeed, such is the popularity of the author, that, like analyses of the Waverley Novels, quotations would be but tautology to a great portion of our readers.

Ere we part with the author, we would change a word with him as to the exertions he is making to produce amicable feelings between his native land and its parent country. Mr. Irving is evidently an amiable and a well-meaning man; and we like him the better for the good-natured vanity which he betrays, in asserting that his philanthropic labours have been crowned with success. That England has of late evinced friendly sentiments towards America, there can be no doubt; but as those sentiments were chiefly marked by the reception of the Sketch Book, it is evident that they preceded that certainly talented work, and that the success of Mr. Irving's book was more owing to our liberal feelings, than our liberal feelings to Mr. Irving's book. "The *primum mobile* of the day," as Byron says, "is cant;" and the existing species most prevalent and most disgusting, is the cant of liberality. There is not a puny whipster that has paid his half-guinea to cross

the Channel, that does not launch forth, on his return, in praise of French valour and French generosity; and if he ever had a sample of either, it must have been that a *gens-d'-armes* stuck a bayonet in his end. There is not a poetaster among us, that will not prate of the "pleasant land of Italy." And some of them, who go about weeping over graves, and pretend, forsooth, that they worship *freedom*, will indite their elegies to the shades of Ariosto, of Tasso, of Petarch—to the foreign bards, the slaves and minions of some worthless, poor, petty tyrant, while they feel not in their breasts one chord of sympathy with Milton, or with one of those genuine English spirits, which, were these *soi-disant* philosophers true even to the political creed they profess, should be the gods of their idolatry. And now there's not an essayist, or an editor, that will not fawn upon America—that will not compare her pretty infantine authors to the eloquent thinkers of our own country—and that will not condemn some drudge of a contributor to tack together a memoir of Patrick Henry.

But there is a false, hollow feeling about the age—a Quixotism, after the spirit of chivalry has departed—a vain seeking and aping of noble sentiment, of which the degenerate creatures can assume but the mask and the garb. In ages past, which we, forsooth, call dark, and barbarous, and illiberal, men knew how to join respect for other countries with unshaken love and declared preference for their own. They understood, and could entertain a generous enmity, a noble hate—prejudice was with them hallowed into a virtue—and patriotism was a religion which they had not yet learned to disbelieve or compromise. Let such feelings be placed on the page of history, by the side of our affected philanthropy and adulation of foreigners—our fitful and alternate gleams of friendship and spite, and let us judge to whom hereafter the meed of honour shall be given. But 'tis wrong to say *our*, or to attribute to the British nation the cant of a prating few. The population of our island is overgrown, and almost outnumbered by a crowd of offsets and burrs—Cockneys, and critics, and travellers, and radicals, that, possessing no national interest, are incapable of a national feeling. These are the *theophilanthropists*, the lovers of the human race, whose voice is to be heard from every synod of ragamuffins,—and who seem to declare the sentiments of England to him who cannot enter into the silent and thoughtful spirit of the English people. Charity, and humanity, and politeness, are the gaberlines they all creep under—no one pretends to energy—no one to independence; and, should John Bull venture to speak with his original and once admired bluntness, he is anathematized on all sides, as a pest of society, as an illiberal boor, as one that should be visited with condign punishment. And let liberality and politeness once put their hands to the torture,—bigotry never strained to their pitch.

We have no wish to sow the seeds of hate, but we dislike to see a canting and nonsensical abuse of old feelings. There is a difference, though unperceivable by some faint-hearted gentlemen, between enmity and envy, between generous rivalry and narrow hate. Let those who destroy the nobler evil, beware, lest they but afford the baser room to spring up. Let us remember that no nation has ever been great, that, in comparison with itself, did not hold the rest of the world in contempt. And we know that those countries of Europe, which are now desert and enslaved, owe their misfortunes chiefly and especially

to the want of that national pride and national prejudice, which some among us would cry down. And if it be alleged that they would not go so deep—that it is merely civility and courteousness they recommend, we tell these Chesterfields on a large scale, these arrangers of etiquette between nations, that, with a few exceptions, (unknown but for having been by them brought forward, and alluded to,) there has been sufficient civility between the people, unless, indeed, nothing short of absolute hugging will satisfy them. We are at a loss to conceive what all this twaddling is about—what are they talking of—or whom do they allude to? If the American journals abuse us, who cares for that, who reads them, or hears them? And as to our own periodical works, they have never applied to the whole continent of America one half of the obloquy and reproach that has inevitably fallen to the share of any single name of notoriety among us. Then, in the name of wonder, let us hear no more of this stupid cant about good feeling, and civility, and philanthropy—one sermon is quite enough upon the text. And let Mr. Irving, Mr. Campbell, and others, who have taken a fancy to the subject, be told, That their amicable preaching, by turning discussion directly upon the mutual opinions of the nations, are calculated, more than the most envenomed libels, to excite hostility, and to widen the breach.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Memoir of the Life and Trial of James Mackcoull, or Moffat, who died in the County Jail of Edinburgh, on the 22d December, 1820; containing a full Account of his Trial before the Jury Court, and High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, for Robbing the Branch of the Paisley Union Bank at Glasgow of Twenty Thousand Pounds. Illustrated with Notes, Anecdotes, and a Portrait. With an Appendix, containing Mr. Denovan's Journal from Glasgow to London in Trace of the Robbery, and other Curious Papers. 8vo. pp. 326.—8s. 6d. Longman & Co. 1822.

If the memory of the arch-rogue, of whom these pages contain the history, had been at all likely to be "interred with his bones," we should perhaps, have been unwilling to disturb its repose: but the single paragraph which has fallen from the pen of the author of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, having sufficiently secured an immortality of remembrance to "Jim Mackcoull," there can be no harm in permitting ourselves to touch upon some of that evil which henceforward is sure to "live after him." The volume before us is confusedly put together; and occasionally, is not quite in the best taste: but it contains much curious matter. Its interest arises less from the peculiar adventures of the hero, whose villany, at best, was but of a vulgar stamp, than from the singular legal proceedings to which his case gave birth: and it is to these, and to his effrontery, which it must be confessed was of no common nature, rather than to any such ingenuity as distinguished Guzman d'Alfarache and Hardy Vaux, that Mackcoull owes his biographical elevation.

James Mackcoull was born in London, in the parish of St. Sepulchre; and such was his instinctive attachment to the place of his nativity, that the entire labours of an active life seem to have been dedicated

to the single purpose of endeavouring to secure his decease also in the parish which gave him birth. He first drew breath in the year 1763. His father was a pocket-book maker, and a marshal's man; not fortunate in his business, but of unblemished character. It was from his mother that the peculiar tastes which marked all the children were more immediately derived.

Three sons and one daughter were the issue of this alliance, and the dispositions and pursuits of each were thoroughly german to the other. The eldest, John, was bred a law stationer; but instinct soon led him to a more liberal profession. In 1807 he was tried at Stafford for stealing a parcel from the Edinburgh mail, and forging indorsations on and negotiating four bills of exchange. In 1810 he published a book, intitled *Abuses of Justice*, in which he announced that he had "relinquished all criminal pursuits." This frank declaration was not received at Bow-street with the credit which its author expected; and he was so frequently repulsed in his attempts to enter places of public amusement, that he was compelled in self-defence, on one occasion, to address the following *Bill of Health* to the sitting Magistrates.

"GENTLEMEN—I beg leave to inform you, that I am, with my wife, gone to the theatre, Covent Garden. I take this step in order to prevent any ill-founded, malicious construction. Trusting that I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever insure me the protection of the magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect,

"Your most obedient very humble servant,

"JOHN MACKCOULL."

The career of a *family man* is very like that of a courtesan, and, in middle life the thief, for the most part, finds it his interest to become informer. In this honourable calling John spent some of his meridian years; and, having acquired sufficient funds to open a public house, first at Lewisham, and afterwards at Hayes, he played the tapster, till the numerous daring burglaries which were committed in the neighbourhood deprived him of his license. In this difficulty he resorted to the no less profitable trade of *letting lodgings* in London; and the occupation of three houses, all of which, he says, "were conducted in the most discreet and orderly manner," soon enabled him to establish the *Apollo Library*, which he still keeps at Worthing, in conjunction with a widely different institution in the purlieus of Fleet-market.

The youngest brother, Benjamin, was a youth of infinite promise, but less fortunate than the elder scions of the house of Mackcoull. In his boyhood he was the darling hope of his mother, and among his professional competitors was acknowledged to be *facile princeps*. A robbery at the theatres in 1786 occasioned his early removal; and the Judge before whom he was convicted, when applied to to extend mercy to Brace, the companion of Benjamin's final achievement, delivered a sufficient testimony in favour of the latter's just claim to the honours which he reaped at the debtor's door—"Brace," said the learned Judge, "deserves to be hanged, were it for no other crime than that of being in company with Ben Mackcoull."

Nor did the blood of the Mackcoulls degenerate when it rolled in female veins. Mrs. Ann Wheeler, the daughter, was a frequent visiter of the several houses of correction: and it was not an unusual sight

to see two generations of this distinguished family employed on the same block at the same moment. The robbery of Messrs. Foulden and Stratton led Mrs. Wheeler (or Mrs. Green as she was then called) to two years imprisonment: and after her enlargement she did not long outlive her venerable dam. The old lady, (or, as she was playfully designated by her son James, *old Gunpowder*) was noted for her dexterity in shoplifting: and, as she approached the term of ninety years, employed herself in a branch of business more adapted to the slowness of foot which resulted from her advanced age, but which still required no little quickness of eye, and niceness of finger-ing—the *kitten rig*, or stealing pots from public houses.

Peculiar interest always attaches to the early acts of those who in after times are to be trumpeted by fame: and we are glad to present our readers with the first recorded success of the immediate subject of this volume, to whom we now approach. A canvass bag of halfpence attached to a cat's meat barrow, attracted James Mackcoul's notice while yet a boy, and, by blowing snuff in the owner's eyes, he effected a transfer of the property. This *snuff racket* with *clicking* and *twitching* (stealing hats from gentlemen's heads and shawls from ladies' shoulders) continued for some years to form the chief amusements of Jim's pubescence, and perfected him in the minor branches of Newgate education. The robbery of an undertaker in St. James's Park, which was executed with more daring than prudence, compelled him to retire from London. His father, in order to secrete him from the pursuit of the police, gladly placed him on board the tender; and he served in the navy for nine years, if not without offence at least without detection.

On his return to England he renewed his youthful pursuits with great success: and at twenty-eight years of age he entered into the bands of marriage with a lady who kept a lodging-house. This house soon became a celebrated *dépôt* for stolen goods; and its notoriety at length induced its proprietor to try a temporary retreat. The *minor clergy* (as the juvenile thieves were then called) used to bring all their booty to Mackcoul; and the property thus obtained was disposed of in a recess, formed by shutting up a window, (hence, in allusion to the tax, facetiously denominated *Pitt's picture*) so curiously covered in, pannelled over, and papered, that it long defied the Argus-eyed officers. Hamburg was the spot selected for Mackcoul's delegation; and there in the spring of 1802, having assumed the name of Moffat, he contrived not only to support himself by the gaming table, but to remit large bills to his wife in London. After twelve months residence he took out a *burger brief*, or burgess ticket, and nominally established himself as an agent for goods intended for Leipzig fair. In 1804 he decamped from Hamburg, being suspected of a robbery at the theatre. At Rotterdam he spent nine months, but with unusual ill fortune: losing his money at play, and incurring a load of debt, which obliged him, after a second passing visit to Hamburg, to embark again for England. London was too hot a residence for more than a few days; and he resolved to enter upon untried ground in the northern districts of the kingdom.

In Edinburgh he lived in retirement till he was detected, in 1806, in picking pockets at the theatre. He escaped, but bore about him for life the mark of a blow on his head received in the scuffle.

Some suspicion seems to attach to him as the murderer of William Begbie, porter to the Belfast Linen Company, who was stabbed in the winter of this year, in the streets of Edinburgh, and robbed of bank notes to the amount of nearly 5000*l.* As far as we can determine, the charge has little to support it; and rests chiefly on Mackcoull's disappearance (his *taking a voyage to the West Indies*, as he termed it) immediately after the murder. Dublin was his next residence for a year. There he lived in plenty, and without attracting attention, though it was evident he was diligently employed; till he was again discovered in picking a pocket in the theatre, of a bag containing ninety-six guineas. The prosecutor died before the commencement of the sessions, and *Captain Moffat* accordingly was discharged.

On his return to Edinburgh he gave out that he had discovered a new process for staining leather: but in a short time he was apprehended once more for his old offence of picking pockets in the theatre, committed to prison for six months, and at length, strange to say, discharged without prosecution. We next find him in Stirling jail for *smashing* forged notes; and soon after in custody, with the notorious Huffy White, for having in his possession instruments of house-breaking which were to have been employed in entering the Chester Bank.

White was restored to the hulks from which he had broken loose; and Mackcoull, after six months' confinement, having assisted him in a second escape, set off with him, and another friend, Mr. Harry French, to *do business* with the Paisley Bank. By the assistance of Scoltock, a blacksmith in London, who furnished them with proper implements, they succeeded in breaking into the strong closet, and carrying off a booty of 20,000*l.* Out of this sum Mackcoull thought it necessary in the first instance to account to his comrades for only 16,000*l.*; and on depositing the notes with a celebrated pugilist, Bill Gibbons, who keeps a banking firm on such occasions, he subtracted more than 2000*l.* in addition. White was almost instantly apprehended, and, in order to save his life, a negotiation was entered into for the return of the notes. The conditions were a free pardon for breaking from the hulks and no notice of the late robbery. On this agreement the sum of 11,941*l.* was restored to the agent of the bank, who had felt confident that he should recover the whole.

Mackcoull was now possessed of 8000*l.* out of which he had cheated his companions in iniquity. They, though pardoned for their escape from the hulks which subjected them to capital punishment, were still under sentence of transportation: White was soon placed in his former abode: French, who was yet at large, meditated revenge against Mackcoull; and in consequence of information given by the latter was sent off in a few months for New South Wales.

Mackcoull's retreat was at length discovered, and he was forwarded to Glasgow in April, 1812. The declaration which he there made before the magistrates, is given at length. When asked if he was in Scotland at the time of the robbery, he replied, that *he did not keep a diary*; and therefore he could not answer as to any precise time. Having admitted that he had been two or three times in Glasgow in the course of the last summer, he was interrogated as to his business; and answered, that his commercial concerns and connexions had nothing to do with any persons present; and that he would not hurt or wound *the feelings* of any gentleman with whom he might have com-

mercial transactions, and therefore he declined mentioning their names. One of his friends in Edinburgh, he said, had gone to the *West Indies*; but he did not wish to mention either his name or the names of many gentlemen in Edinburgh whose acquaintance he enjoyed, for the reasons of delicacy formerly alluded to. He was fully committed for trial; and, while in Glasgow jail, he pretended to be ready to account with the bank for the balance due to it, as far as was in his power, and instructed Mr. Harmer, his solicitor, to pay 1000*l.* in Scotch paper to the bank agent.

The statutory period for bringing him to trial having elapsed, and it being supposed that there was no sufficient proof against him, he was discharged on the 11th of July, 1812, and immediately returned to London. Here

"He actually sued Mr. Harmer for the 1000*l.*, alleging that the money had merely been lodged in his hands by his mother, who was since dead, and that Mr. Harmer had no authority whatever from him, to pay it away. When interrogated as to this, during his judicial examination, before Lord Gillies, he declared, 'that he was successful in the said action, and had costs awarded him: that a reference was made as to the amount of the sum which he was entitled to receive, Mr. Harmer having brought forward counter claims, and the balance found due, on the reference to the declarant, was between two and three hundred pounds including costs; which sum the declarant actually recovered!!!' " P. 121.

In March, 1813, he made a trip to Edinburgh, to vend some of his stolen notes; and was observed and apprehended by Mr. Denovan, of the Leith Police. He had at that time purchased bills upon London nearly to the amount of 1000*l.*, payable to Mr. James Martin; these were detained; but the prisoner himself, after three weeks confinement, was once more discharged.

An affray with his wife, from whom he lived separate, on his return to London, gave him six months lodging in Newgate. During this imprisonment, Huffy White escaped a third time from the hulks; and soon afterwards, to Mackcoull's great joy, was executed for robbing the Leeds mail. The Paisley Bank, upon giving bonds of indemnity to the British Linen Company, and the Commercial Bank, from whom our hero had purchased the bills, recovered this part of their property; and Mackcoull, upon his enlargement, set off for Edinburgh, in the hope of regaining possession of it.

"He commenced operations by calling at the British Linen Company and Commercial Bank, and demanding, in the most imperious manner, restitution of the bills he had purchased from them for his friend Mr. Martin, or other bills in lieu of them. He then wrote a fair statement of his whole case, which he laid before the then Lord Advocate (Colquhoun of Kellermont): but, as that learned officer did not feel himself bound to interfere, he went in person to the Council Chamber of Edinburgh, and, to use his own words, 'expressed the utmost indignation and surprise at the proceedings that had taken place; and there, in presence of all the persons assembled, demanded restitution of the bills which had been most illegally taken from his person.' The manner in which he conducted himself on this occasion, and the unparalleled effrontery he displayed, is said to have struck every one dumb with astonishment. He went on at such a rate, and became so very insolent, that the city officers were directed to turn him out of the chamber, which they did." P. 137.

We cannot be expected to detail the tedious quiddities of Scotch law. It will suffice to say, that Mackcoull brought an action before the sheriff of the county of Edinburgh against Mr. Callander, the city clerk; Mr. Ponton, the procurator fiscal; and Mr. Smyth, the agent

of the Paisley Union Bank, which was dismissed. Next he brought a second action against Mr. Ponton and Baillie Johnston, in which the first was assailed, and farther proceedings were required as to the second; thirdly, he raised actions against Mr. Cockburn, who had granted the warrant for delivering the draft, and the cashier who had received them; and fourthly, he instituted a suit, by the magnanimous name of a Multipounding, to determine the right of parties to the bills in question.

The forms of the Scotch courts, sorely against his will, brought on the necessity of a judicial examination, notwithstanding the forcible objection urged by his counsel, against a proceeding which appears to us, in every view of it, to be most inequitable. It was well said of the defenders (the Paisley Bank) that though the process had now lasted three years,

"They had not, up to that hour, been able to procure the slightest evidence of any one of the numerous allegations they had presumed to make against him; but were compelled at last to refer to him, whom they had designated a thief and a robber, to determine, by his judicial declaration, WHETHER THEY THEMSELVES HAD NOT BEEN GUILTY OF THEFT AND ROBBERY!!" P. 146.

The examination occupied three days, during which, though frequently hard pressed, he fenced most dexterously with the interrogatories of the defenders' counsel. He stated, among other things, that his fictitious friend, James Martin, had lodgings in Swallow-street, London; but that he had forgotten the number of the house. This answer was truly artful, for the greater part of Swallow-street had already been pulled down to make way for Mr. Nash's alterations. He complained that some of the questions "might lead to rude inquiries, disagreeable to the feelings of those at whom they were addressed:" he spoke of the *injustice* which he had suffered from the Paisley Bank: and at length refused, without hearing the opinion of the Lord Ordinary (which was given in his favour) to answer any other question, after "an examination so tedious and so little to the purpose." The session rose on the day after his final examination; and he returned to London in high spirits, confident of gaining his cause, quite assured that he had said nothing to criminate himself, and that, at so great a distance of time, the bank could never establish his guilt.

In 1819, he addressed a letter to Lord Sidmouth, which Mr. Grey Bennet might take as a general model for all the petitions which he is in the habit of presenting from injured individuals, and oppressed innocence. It speaks of the inordinate and dangerous power of the procurator fiscal, *an officer of the crown*. It complains of the torture of unexampled persecution, to which the writer, though an Englishman, had been exposed by this officer. That by a prostitution of his public duties, he (Mackcoul) had been illegally imprisoned, stripped of his property, and subjected to a six years' litigation of abuse, irrelevancy, and calumny. Then follow some remarks on the saleable nature of the procurator's office, and his unconstitutional nomination.

"The high and extravagant price given, almost monthly, by *culprit offenders*, and *Scottish bankers*, to the police of Bow-street, for furnishing and sending down into Scotland some ill-fated *Englishman*, whose supposed guilt shall, with the operation and abuse of Scottish law, prevent detection in their more legitimate channels, has, I suspect, rather generated than suppressed these crimes. No crime has, of late, become so frequent as that of robbery of the *Scottish banks*; and

while the stale averment, that the crime has been committed by *Englishmen* entering their banks with *false keys*, is pleaded to *Scottish judges*, it excludes the more legitimate presumption that the pretended *theft* may have been committed by *Scotchmen* entering their banks with their own keys." P. 288.

The letter concludes with the customary fifth act, drum and trumpet flourish of Magna Charta, and the Habeas Corpus Act; earnestly imploring redress and justice, and demanding relief from the operation of an odious and corrupt authority, &c. &c. &c.

The situation of the bank at this time was curious.

"Unless they proved Mackcoul's participation in the robbery, and that the notes with which the bills were purchased were part of those stolen from their bank they behoved to deliver up to Mackcoul the said bills, amounting to 991*l.* odd, and interest at 5 per cent., from May, 1813—to lose all the expense they had been at in claiming their own property, and pay all Mackcoul's expenses (amounting to nearly 1000*l.*) in prosecuting them, besides the disgrace of losing the action—an action, we believe, without a parallel in the annals of any court in Europe;—a public depredator—a convicted rogue and vagabond—going at large in the metropolis of Scotland, without any lawful trade or employment, denouncing courts, magistrates, and private individuals, and prosecuting, with their own money, in the supreme court of that country, a respectable banking company, for attempting to keep a part of their property of which he had robbed them, and which was actually found in his possession. But this was not all: Mackcoul's intentions were, if he succeeded in the Jury Court, to follow up the decision with an action of damages, in which, it is the opinion of many, he would also have been successful!" P. 185.

On the 11th of May, 1820, the three following issues were tried.

"1st. Was the defendant guilty of stealing, or carrying away from the premises of the said Banking Company the property charged?"

"2d. Whether he received the money, or any part of it?"

"3d. Whether the notes found on his person, or traced to his possession, are the same that were stolen from the said banking house?" P. 202.

Mackcoul, to the astonishment of all present, took his place in court. The trial deserves to be read at length. By the most indefatigable exertion, Mr. Denovan, whom we have before mentioned, had succeeded in bringing up a train of witnesses, who identified Mackcoul as one of three persons travelling from Glasgow to London two days after the robbery; and detailed a variety of collateral circumstances, amounting, in the aggregate, to the strongest proof of his guilt. To complete the evidence, Scoltock, the blacksmith, upon whose absence Mackcoul implicitly relied, was placed in the box.

"On hearing his name, Mackcoul rose from his seat, and attempted to get out of court; but the crowd was so great, that he found it impossible to reach the door before Scoltock appeared. The instant he saw him, he changed colour, and sunk by the side of the wall in a kind of faint. He was assisted out of court, and did not again make his appearance for some time." P. 249.

The jury found for the prosecutor on all three issues, and Mackcoul was tried for the robbery before the High Court of Justiciary on the 19th of June. The same facts were proved by the same witnesses, with one or two additions, and a verdict of guilty was recorded without hesitation.

"On being carried back to the jail, his whole stock of fortitude and resolution left him. He appeared to be overwhelmed with despair, and observed to the governor, with much emotion, that 'had the eye of God not been upon him,

such a connected chain of evidence never could have been brought forward." P. 274.

A respite for a month was received for him on the 14th of July, and three weeks afterwards a reprieve during pleasure.

"After the month of August, Mackcoul fell into a natural decline, which affected his mental faculties so much that he became altogether silly and childish. He was haunted in his sleep by frightful dreams and visions, and frequently started up with such dreadful cries, and horrible expressions and imprecations, that none of the other felons could remain in the cell with him. He was visited occasionally, not only by the regular Ordinary of the jail, but also by several eminent divines, to all of whom he behaved with becoming respect, but generally refused or declined to enter with them on religious subjects. Sometimes, however, it is said he attributed this obduracy to the want of a religious education, and the very slight acquaintance he had with the Bible. Previous to his death, he was so much emaciated, that those who saw him at the trial could not again recognise him; while, from the time of his conviction, it was remarked, that his hair began to change colour:—At that period it was jet black, but, in the course of three months, it became silver grey. He died in the County Jail of Edinburgh, on the 22d day of December, 1820, and was decently interred, at the expense of his wife, in the Calton Burying-ground." P. 279.

Mr. Denovan's journal of his expedition to London, in order to obtain evidence, as given in the Appendix, is a most curious document: and we know not whether most to be struck by the sagacity of the inquirer, or the many singular accidents (if we must so call them) by which he was enabled to connect the links of his chain of evidence. Mackcoul indeed, in the course of his journey, appears to have behaved with extraordinary want of caution, displaying the notes with a degree of hardihood, which is only to be accounted for by the flush of triumph which he must have felt at his recent success. At Bow-street, Mr. Denovan's first care was to get possession of the false keys which had been already found in Scoltock's shop; and, by the assistance of Lavender, the officer, they were at length discovered in a back closet, which is the customary receptacle of the implements of crime. In this blue chamber of horrors, the wished-for box was placed in most appropriate company; covered by the bloody jacket and the maul of the assassin of the Marrs and Williamsons, and the poker from which Mr. and Mrs. Bonar met their death. An account, exceeding £2000, had been opened by Mackcoul, under the name of James Ibell, with Messrs. Marsh and Sibbald, the bankers. The extract, which Mr. Denovan obtained from the books of these gentlemen, presented some well known names. Among them were Mackcoul's brother, sister, and two mistresses; Sutton, a man who lives by melting silver plate, and altering the names and numbers of watches (*christening and bishoping*); Goodman, a noted coach robber, and Ings, the ferocious butcher, who suffered with Thistlewood.

We need not draw the moral which the life of this unhappy man suggests. It is given in a few words, at the conclusion of the memoir.

"His whole life may thus be considered as one uninterrupted career of villany almost without a parallel. That he did not expiate his crimes on a gibbet, was merely owing to circumstances which are not worth explaining;—but, during the period of his imprisonment, he suffered many deaths. Of the fatal tree he spoke without fear; but the dread of a future tribunal paralyzed his understanding:—He saw and trembled at the approach of that unerring shaft which no earthly ruler could control; while the horrors of his mind, by affecting the nervous system, accelerated his dissolution:—the retrospect of his life often obtruded itself with new modifications of insupportable reflection—the prospect of futurity he could only

contemplate with fearful apprehension:—He felt the wakening of a seared conscience, from which there was no retreat—He crawled about, grinding his teeth—his intervals of slumber were broken and interrupted with the most frightful visions; and he saw the hairs of his head become grey with anguish! The picture is too horrible to finish—To religion he was a stranger—a total stranger in this hour of need: he felt not her soothing influence—he cherished not the hope of forgiveness or mercy—Unhappy man! he looked to God as to a cruel and vindictive ruler, at whose hands he could only expect the full punishment of his crimes—his resignation was despair!" P. 280.

FROM THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

CRANIOLOGY.

Viewing the protuberances of the Craniologist simply in the light of physiognomical indications, to which certain internal organs are supposed to correspond, the chief objection to the hypothesis is, not that it necessarily tends to Materialism, but that, *as a system*, it wants probability, consistency, and evidence. It is a mere hypothesis, that different departments of the brain are appropriated to particular functions of thought. There is nothing irrational, indeed, in the supposition, that different pairs or sets of nerves may have an office as separate and peculiar, as those which transmit the mysteriously modified sensations of sight, hearing, and touch. In which case, although the faculties may not be local, any more than sight can be said to reside in the eye, yet, the mechanism adapted to those faculties, and instrumentally necessary to certain evolutions of thought, may be local, and its healthful action be dependant on the structure. Since, however, the anatomist has never been able to detect in the brain itself, any exuberances of shape or size answering to the protuberances detected in the *cranium*, it is incredible that the external marks should be *caused* by imperceptible and undiscovered modifications of the internal organs. That they even indicate their local situation, would be a most singular fact, could it be established. But this would not prove a necessary correspondence between the size of the bump or knob, and the development of the internal organ; any more than a large nose or full eyes infallibly indicate nicety of smell or strong sight. In fact, could the physiognomical truth of the system be established,—were the knobs an infallible index to the innate propensities,—the brain might have, after all, nothing to do with them. Like other physiognomical appearances indicative of varieties of temperament or of intellectual character, they might be known as rules of observation, while the coincidence should remain wholly unaccounted for. The shape of the skull, confessedly, does not answer to the external figure of the brain: it cannot, therefore, be determined by it. These convex knobs are not concavities designed to make room for its action. They can only be considered as hieroglyphic sculptures on the case which encloses the machinery; and if Dr. Spurzheim can decipher them, well and good. But he must not call them organs, or take it for granted that there are local organs answering to every knob.

Of the existence of strong intellectual predispositions and animal propensities in mankind, we entertain no doubt. We are also tempted to believe that there is some correctness in Dr. Spurzheim's craniological observations in regard to the signs of many of those propen-

sities; that they have some foundation in fact. For otherwise, we should find it impossible to account for the vast number of instances in which his craniological rules have led to the detection of individual characteristics. The coincidences have been too numerous and striking to admit of being slightly disposed of. Because they have been employed to prove too much, it does not follow that they prove nothing. What we chiefly dislike in the system is, the mixing up of intellectual with *moral* predispositions, and connecting the latter also with the brain. The classification is unnatural, and, we think, unsound. An organization adapted to the faculty of constructiveness, or to that of calculation, or to that of imaginative combination, we can understand. But organs of benevolence, of veneration, or of other moral qualities, appear to us terms without meaning. So far as the predisposition to good or evil qualities has any existence in the physical constitution of man, (and since it exists in the brute animal, we see no room for denying that it may have a physical origin,) such predisposition must be regarded as having a connexion with the temperament, not with the cerebral structure. On this point, we are sorry to be at issue with Mr. Abernethy, who expresses his satisfaction with Gall and Spurzheim's arrangement, because it 'places the sentiments and dispositions in their real situation—the head.' And he expresses his surprise that an anatomist so eminent as Bichat, should represent the heart to be the seat of feeling, the head of thought. We will not contend about the exact seat of feeling; but of this we are well persuaded, that what Bichat calls the organic life, is chiefly implicated, as a *system of functions*, in those predispositions to certain passions or tempers which frequently discover themselves before thought could possibly give birth to them. And we entertain no doubt that the simple circumstance of *health* in the very earliest stages of life,—by which we mean, the vigorous and harmonious play of all the animal functions,—has much more to do with the future disposition, than is generally suspected.

That the intelligence which produces emotion is received by the brain, and that it secondarily affects the heart, we admit. But then, the brain, not being the seat of emotion, cannot be the seat of those dispositions and feelings which determine the degree and character of emotion. The organs of such dispositions are not, therefore, to be sought for in the brain.

There seems nothing incredible in the notion, that the head would prove to be, could we but make it out, the physiognomical index to the whole organization. We see in the amplitude of the forehead the marks of intellectual capacity; in the development of the lips, the signs of a sanguine or of a phlegmatic temperament; in the lower parts of the face, the strength of the animal propensities. Why should the knobs on the surface of the head, any more than the features of the face, be considered as indications relating only to the brain? As physiognomical signs, they might be found to relate equally to the functions of the organic system,—to the size of the liver, the force of the heart, or the texture and actions of the bowels. These are the real organs of jealousy, benevolence, decision, and heroism; and we see no reason why they should not have their representative knobs, as well as the intellectual organs of the brain. It appears to us a great mistake to hunt in the medullary membrane for the organs

of emotion, which lie much lower down in the system. These discover themselves in the configuration of the face; why may not the stomach and the liver have their share in determining also the shape of the cranium?

The signs, then, even of moral qualities or dispositions, may occupy the situation assigned them on the surface of the brain-box, though we cannot tell how they got there. The strange and revolting *juxta*-position, however, of some of these knobs, makes much against the correctness of the arrangement. The nomenclature of the system, too, is, in reference to the indications of moral organs, both offensively injudicious and liable to perversion. This remark applies more especially to the organ of veneration. The notion of an organization exciting in us reverence for the Deity, strikes us as grossly improper. Reverence for the Deity has assuredly not its place in the brain; and although certain natural turns of mind must be allowed to be more favourable than others to the cultivation of piety, we cannot believe that these are indicated by any knob on the top of the head.

On the whole, the system of Gall and Spurzheim, considered as an organological system, we consider as having no better foundation than imperfect induction and gratuitous supposition. But it has been charged with consequences which do not attach to it, supposing it to be true, and has given rise to unfounded alarms and unjust aspersions. As a physiognomical system, we think it embodies a number of curious facts, mixed up with much that is uncertain, and with not a little that is, in terms, absurd. Let it be pursued, however, as a branch of physiognomy, and we see no objection to the study; although whether it will ever assume the true character of a science, seems very questionable.

FROM THE BRITISH REVIEW.

The Poems of Caius Valerius Catullus, translated, with a Preface and Notes, by the Hon. George Lamb. In 2 vols. 12mo. Murray, 1821.

It is not without reason that translators from ancient authors have complained of the difficulties that have beset them. The idioms of the respective languages appear sometimes, as if by an effort, to keep at a distance from each other, so that no artifice or contrivance can bring them cordially together. It is to little purpose that rules are laid down for the guidance of those who hazard their reputation in so fearful an enterprise. Even those who legislate most upon this subject are not unfrequently the first to violate their own enactments. For this reason, in no department of letters have there been so many adventures, and so many miscarriages. They who have best succeeded in this narrow and circumscribed path of exertion, have merely danced with less awkwardness in their fetters. Fetters they still are; and so rarely are the graceful attitudes of unrestrained nature,—the flow, the ease, the happy negligence of the original, achieved in a translation, that we habitually suffer the perplexities of the task to affix limits to our wishes, and are content to lower our standard of excellence from that which we conceive or wish for, to that which is more attainable.

Hence a sort of despair, the refuge of indolence on the one hand, or the excuse for frustrated attempts on the other, has obtained for the translator a vague sort of toleration, under cover of which he ventures often to change places with his author, and to deal in expressions and sentiments born and bred in his own brain. Johnson himself,* too strongly, perhaps, impressed with the perplexities of the translator's duty, has laid down a principle, which authorizes every addition capable of being engrafted on the original writer, provided "nothing is taken away;" thus throwing open the folding-doors to every license and innovation, however wild and extravagant.

It by no means follows, however, that the merely verbal translator is at all nearer to his original. It is the spirit and genius of a writer that addresses us in his compositions. His dry words, rendered by a proportionate number of English equivalents, can impart to us no adequate notion of either. Strict verbal fidelity will be an imitation as heavy and as lifeless as casts taken from a dead countenance. Here, then, is the difficulty of the translator: he occupies a narrow space between two opposite dangers; he must neither confine himself within the precincts of merely verbal meaning, nor wander into the wilderness of imitation and paraphrase. But this is not all. The *manner* of an ancient author is often so peculiarly his own, and is so identified with the language in which he writes, as to elude the grasp of the most skilful translator.

It is obvious, also, that it is the sentiment, and the sentiment alone of an ancient author, which is capable of transfusion into a living tongue: but it not unfrequently happens that the sentiment has no separate and independent existence; that is, it is represented to the mind by the original word, and by that word alone. Its very existence is incorporated into it; and no dexterity of management can persuade it to migrate, as it were, from its residence. This is a peculiarity which has been seldom observed, and it is principally from an inattention to this unyielding and obstinate quality in the ancient dialects, that so many translators have failed, whether they have been of that daring class who have leaped beyond, or of the timid race who have crept behind their originals.

We will not attempt in this place to adjust the controversies that have arisen as to the power of words over the affections. The prevailing notion seems to be, that it is derived from a correspondent and simultaneous representation of the ideas for which they stand; yet this is far from being universally true. There are many general words which convey no real essences to the mind; those, for instance, which belong to moral qualities. These are sometimes used with very vigorous effect, without bringing before us the particular course of action which they imply; but their power over the affections is not on this account the less. An indistinct sentiment of love or abhorrence is excited the instant the words are presented to us: it is plain, therefore, that the mind is influenced by some law wholly independent of a precise picture on the imagination. The readiest solution, perhaps, of the problem, is that principle of association which, developing itself with the first efforts of our understandings, conjoins with certain words, not exact images, but corresponding sensations. Indeed, so

* *Life of Pope.*

Little do poetry and eloquence owe their effect to the power of raising exact images, that it not unfrequently happens that no small part of their charm arises from the indistinctness of their impressions. There is also a mysterious fascination in many words, either singly, or in combination with others, and which are, for that reason, called poetical, which, upon a slight reflection, we must pronounce to be independent of all picturesque effect whatever. They excite sentiments, not as pictures of sensible, nor as symbols of intellectual objects, but as words and as words only. There is a sympathy which vibrates upon the feelings occasioned by mere sounds or intonations; and, agreeably to this law, words describe the influence of things, and their properties, on the passions of the writer or speaker, instead of presenting distinct images of the things themselves.

How many passages are there in poetry which convey no image whatsoever? Take the magnificent description, for instance, in the *Aeneid*, of the formation of thunder: it is clear that no similar combination of sensible images could exist in nature: if the words conveyed them to the imagination, they would disgust, rather than please, by their incongruity and confusion; and, translated into English equivalents, would be a mere unintelligible chaos of sounds and images. In the original, however, who can deny them that majesty and elevation which all admirers of Virgil have attributed to them?—a majesty and elevation, nevertheless, which resides in the words, and the words only. The same may be said of the highly figurative passage in which Claudian shadowed out the cave of eternity. It is not pretended that it conveys no image, but the effort to convey that image by equivalent words in any other language would be vain.

Est ignota procul, nostræque impervia menti,
Vix adeunda Deis, annorum squalida mater,
Immensi spelunca Ævi: quæ tempora vasto
Suppeditat, revocatque sinû.

Perhaps the best illustrations of the same phenomenon might be found in those odes of Pindar, where he claims that full absolution from distinct intelligence so liberally conceded to him by Horace. Is it possible to translate those passages? There are lines also in Aristophanes which are untranslatable for a similar reason. Take the magnificent words which he puts into the mouth of the clouds in praise of the ærial beings whom he denominates the clouds:—

Υγραι υφίλων στρεπταίγλαοι δαίμοι ὄρηαι
Πλοκαμῆς θ' ἑκατοκίφαλα τυφῶ, περιμανύσσεσσι θυελλῆς.

An undefinable grandeur is perceptible in these words; yet, as soon as they are rendered into corresponding words in English, the mere English reader would necessarily infer, as many readers of the original, who have mistaken the drift of the poet, and ill appreciated the taste of an Attic audience, have also inferred, that they were mere fustian, like that of Bottom in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks, &c.

Herein then consists what may be correctly called the untranslatable quality of the ancient languages. So far from the thought or senti-

ment being transferable from the original word into its English substitute, according to the common notion, that thought or sentiment is locked up as an imprisoned essence in the word itself. With this view of the case, we shall be better able to explain much of the difficulty incident to the translation of Catullus; and we may collaterally to this part of our subject, elicit, not an excuse for certain phrases and expressions, which are gross indecencies when translated; but some mitigation, at least, of the sentence which virtuous minds must pass on that poet, and on many other of the great ornaments of antiquity, for employing them: for, it behoves us to recollect that they are, in some sort, exempt from the jurisdiction by which we try them, unless we regard them as liable to an *ex post facto* law, or convention, which did not exist, at least not in the same force when the offence was committed. We must not be misunderstood. We are no apologists for that unqualified grossness, which, in ancient compositions, reveals, with shameless hardihood, the worst deformities of our fallen nature, and exhibits the rankest sensualities of our passions, with all the offensiveness of reality; yet there are many considerations which may be admitted to temper this virtuous disgust.

In the first place, it is but reasonable to keep in mind the great revolutions which language has undergone in the gradual progress of two thousand years. Our own language, in a cycle still more contracted, exhibits many transitions and changes, which are by no means, in reference to our present subject, unworthy of our attention. Amongst these, none is more striking than the banishment, by universal consent, from the saloon or drawing-room to the kitchen or stable, of certain words, the utterance of which a century ago did not shock the delicacy of fashion, nor even pollute the lips of beauty. But a still more singular part of the phenomenon is this, that while those phrases are condemned to the exclusive use of the low and vulgar, they are replaced by others, which are supposed to be more intrinsically delicate, though conveying the same image, or, at least, standing conventionally for the same thing; it is needless to explain our meaning with more minuteness. To such an extreme has this delicacy been carried, that a rustic in our remote counties would even now find some difficulty in understanding the substitutions which have gradually taken place in the sterling English of his isle, and would probably reply in his own *patois* as Martine* in hers:

Tout ce que vous prêchez est, je crois, bel et bon,
Mais je ne saurois, moi, parler votre jargon.

This is, however, a singular problem, since every combination of sounds and syllables being arbitrary and conventional, it is obvious that little is gained to delicacy, nothing certainly to morals, by the mere use of one sound or combination for another.

Now the same revolution which our own language has undergone with respect to itself, it has also, in common, we believe, with all the languages built upon the ruins of the Roman, undergone with reference to the languages of the ancients. Words which the polite and elegant were not ashamed to use,—words which illustrated the reasonings of the philosopher, which either Aspasia or Socrates would

* Les Femmes Savantes.

have uttered without hesitation, cannot be translated without the violation of all decency into modern tongues. The explication of this circumstance would lead us too far; it is not enough to say that our improved state of morals will adequately account for it. There is no necessary connexion between a refined and fastidious delicacy of language, and an unblemished purity of public morals. It may, however, put us into better humour with the plain speaking of the ancients, if we refer ourselves to that law or principle in all languages, concerning which we have already said so much; namely, the independence of words upon the exact pictures or images of the things for which they nominally stand. Will not this half absolve them from the hasty reproaches with which we are apt to visit them upon every supposed violation of decorum? Try many of the most offensive words, in ancient authors, by this test. In strictness, they are conjoined with foul and loathsome images; but this law of language interposes and separates the word from the image. The word, at least, whether from some secret melody, or from whatever charm, was retained in use long after it had ceased to conjure up the impure image, and thus became, in alliance with others, symbols of certain passions, sentiments, and emotions of the higher kind. Now, if this word be translated, that is, replaced by another belonging to another dialect, it is ten to one against our getting a particle of the sentiment or passion which dictated its original use; but we shall be sure of the unmixed impurity of the image, which, in its primitive application, it was intended to convey.

We will explain ourselves shortly by referring to the very poet who is now under our consideration. Catullus, in verses which breathe his loftiest, and, we might say, his most virtuous disdain of the abandoned profligates of his day, uses words which elude all literal translation, but which, it abundantly appears, from the sense and context of the passages where they occur, were words which had lost their primitive pollution, by having ceased to be conjoined with the matter or image for which they stood. It will be unnecessary to dwell upon this topic. Every classical scholar will immediately apprehend us, although we are prohibited from minuter explanations. The Hendecasyllables to Aurelius and Furius, and those to Cæsar upon Mamurra, will be sufficient keys to our meaning. We do not contend for the absolute purity of the Latin poet; but we deem it no more than common equity to extend to him the privileges of his country and his language, while we are fully prepared to admit, that, when he has had the full benefit of this mitigatory plea, there will remain much offence against modesty and decorum, that must for ever rise up in judgment against him.

Be this as it may, it is certainly not the least of the difficulties of translating him, inasmuch as it alike involves the translator in a conflict with his own language, and that from which he translates. But there is also another peculiarity, though of a widely different quality, in Catullus, which augments still more the peril and perplexity of his translator;—it is that characteristic which has hardly a name but in one language;—*σφαιρία*, perhaps the classic would call it; that ineffable grace, that unaffected and negligent beauty, which, seeming to be art, no art can imitate; breathing, as it were the unperfumed sweetness of nature, yet smelling of nothing, and least of all of the lamp. His

melodies, like those breathed at random by the passing winds upon the harp of Æolus, surpass all the artifice of studied modulation. Add to this that *curious felicity* applied by Petronius to Horace, but which is still more emphatically the property of Catullus.

Nor is this all. He has another quality which requires, in his translator, an ear more metrically attuned than is usual with those critics or commentators by whom he has been heretofore illustrated. What we mean is this: many of his sweetest but simplest effusions, such, for instance, as the Acme and Septimius, that beginning *Varus me meus ad suos amores*, though framed in that easy and delightful measure of which he is, beyond all competition, the most powerful master, and many others, which we forbear to enumerate, dissemble, as it were, their lyrical texture, and assume the appearance of a simple continuous discourse rather than that of pieces fettered with metrical rules, and broken by metrical divisions. We think that this quality has been unperceived,—at least, it has been unnoticed by his critics. It is not, however, peculiar to Catullus only; Dionysius, of Halicarnassus,* has pointed out the same property in the exquisite verses attributed to Simonides, where the poet represents Danaë exposed with her infant Perseus to the winds and the ocean.

Οτι λαριακι ἐν δαιδαλια ανεμος
Βριση πνειν. κ. τ. λ.

"You will not perceive in this poem," observes that sagacious critic, "its lyrical measure, nor discern in it any characteristic of the strophe, or the antistrophe, or the epode; but it will appear to you a mere discourse, divided only by the natural order of its sentences." Many of the odes of Horace are remarkable for the same quality. Some of his Alcaic verses may be read, notwithstanding the frequent recurrence of the strophes, without exciting any suspicion of their metrical character; yet they are not the less metrical. Now, to translate such pieces into a language that has no metre, strictly speaking, must be a task of such difficulty, that it would be scarcely possible to find, amongst our Trissotins, any one sufficiently fool-hardy to attempt it. In all probability it was this intractable quality in Catullus, with a lurking persuasion, perhaps, of the insignificance of French verse, that suggested to Pezay and Noel, his French translators, the idea which they have successively executed of a prose translation. Neither of them, indeed, assigned the reason which we have thus ventured to state: they might have felt the difficulty though unable to account for it. The same difficulty seems to have been present to La Harpe, a critic, whose learning we more than suspect, and upon whose authority we would not implicitly rely; yet he is far from being wrong when, speaking of the smaller compositions of Catullus, he observes, "Ce sont de petits chef-d'œuvres, ou il n'y a pas un mot qui ne soit précieux, mais qu'il est aussi impossible d'analyser que de traduire."

Perhaps these remarks do not apply with equal force to those higher specimens which are to be found in Catullus,—those which, like the Atys and Berecynthia, or the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, exhibit much of the stateliness and grandeur of the epic muse. These appear to us infinitely more susceptible of translation. And here, whilst we

* Περὶ συνθεσιμῶς νομαται, s. 26.

have been led to advert to this higher character of his poetry, we are reluctantly reminded of the unjust measure which has been meted to this elegant poet, by a race of critics and commentators who have successively echoed each other in their several estimates of a writer with whom they are only half acquainted. He has, in fact, been considered like Anacreon, as the minstrel only of wine and pleasure, whereas, it is on one occasion only,—his verses to his cup-bearer,—that he betrays any fondness for the juice of the grape; and even then it was in subservience to the tastes of a lady for whom he seemed solicitous to broach his oldest cask.

Inger mi calices amariores
Ut lex Posthumix jubet magistræ.

But it is astonishing how this character of Catullus has been banded from one to another, and received by each with the most indolent acquiescence. His verses respire only love and revelry, says one. Another says that they are "*échappés au delire de l'orgie ou de l'amour.*"—Catullus, however, belongs to another classification. Love, indeed, of an ardent and too licentious a description, appears in many of his verses. But the poet whom Virgil did not disdain to copy, whom Ovid, and even the philosophic Perseus have plundered, belongs to a higher order.—"That strain I heard was of a higher mood." Atys, if no other monument of his greater powers had been extant,—Atys surely would be of itself sufficient to vindicate his place among the first of that sacred band. To say that it places him upon a level with Virgil, were feeble praise. The poet of the *Æneid* confined himself within the circle of those established beauties and recognised graces, from which the severity of his taste taught him that it would be impious to depart: whereas Catullus, in this short poem, has soared with an unrestrained daring, far beyond the regular and licensed proprieties which fetter other poets. The metre is as wild and grotesque as the subject: it is swiftly impetuous in its numbers: in one word, it is a poem which breathes the warmest inspiration of genius, wholly unfettered, indeed, by the rules of art, but never offending against the principles of taste. Nothing was ever more happily executed,—nothing more boldly conceived, than the change of sex so instantaneously effected by the use of the feminine inflection;—a transition which the idiom of our own language renders impracticable.* The address of Atys, in the momentary calm of her exhausted frenzy, to her native shores,—those shores which her strained eyeballs sketched amidst the obscure mists of the ocean, is unequalled for its pathos. That which comes nearest to it in point of feeling, is the exquisite apostrophe of *Alcestis* to her nuptial couch in the beautiful tragedy of *Euripides*. They can best feel and best appreciate the tenderness of the passage, who have been severed widely from their native country,—the country of their charities and affections, and have solaced themselves by imagining, amidst the misty solitudes of the waters, the beloved spot which the heart pants to revisit. Who is there that will not hesitate

* We were surprised to find it neglected by one of the Italian translators of Catullus, as it might easily have been adopted in that language.

Co' membri allor veggendosi mozzi, e non più virili,
E sangue al suol versandone, simul divenne a femina
E pigliò, &c.

Catullo. Tradotto da Luigi Sallustiana. Rome, 1770.

to allow the interrogatory of Atys to be the unadulterated eloquence of nature?

Ubinam aut quibus locis te positam, patria, rear?

It is upon these grounds that we are desirous of establishing the claim of Catullus to a much higher department in the poetical art, than that which the tasteless, the indolent, and superficial, have hitherto assigned him. There is, however, another class of his compositions in which he displays a rare and unrivalled excellence. He is emphatically the poet of friendship. "This is a strain," Mr. Lamb justly observes, "in which only a genius originally pure, however polluted by the immorality of its æra, could descant with appropriate sentiment,—which speaks with all the kindly warmth of love, while it refrains from its unreasoning rage,—that adopts all its delicacy without any tinge of its grossness."*

But while we have been thus detained by the charms of Catullus, we have been unmindful of our duty to Mr. Lamb. It is time, therefore, to consider the merits of his translation, and to enable our readers, by a few specimens, to form their own estimate of its execution. Having, however, already enumerated some of the difficulties inseparable from the translation of such an author, candour, and even justice requires that the work should be examined with an indulgent reference to those difficulties. To have surmounted them in some instances, and to have eluded them with great skill in others, is no slight praise, and we willingly award it to Mr. Lamb. But that he has effectively translated this hitherto untranslated poet, would be an unconscientious concession. In many respects he is superior to the translator of 1794; but he frequently falls below him in those qualities of terseness and simplicity which are indispensable in a translation of Catullus. So reluctant and coy, as it were, are these beauties to the touch of an English versifier, that it is only in a small proportion of the shorter effusions that we can compliment Mr. Lamb upon his success. We have hinted our opinion as to the greater comparative facility of imitating the more solemn or heroic pieces. In conformity with our theory, therefore, we think that he has been much more happy in the Atys, and the Peleus Thetis, than in Acme and Septimius, and the rest of those exquisite miniatures, where the slightest aberration of the pencil is fatal to the copy.

In the Carmen Nuptiale we think that Mr. Lamb has, upon the whole, been excelled by Mr. Elton.† But he has not failed in the exquisitely beautiful passage, where, not to fail, is no slender commendation.

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem, quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
Sic Virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est:
Quum casto amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis,
Hymen o Hymenæe, Hymen ades, oh Hymenæe.

* Preface, p. xli.

† Specimens of Translations from the Classic Poets, 1814.

When in the garden's fenced and cultured ground,
Where browse no flocks, where ploughshares never wound,
By sunbeams strengthen'd, nourish'd by the shower,
And sooth'd by zephyr, blooms the lovely flower:
Maids long to place it in their modest zone,
And youths enraptured wish it for their own.
But, from the stem once pluck'd, in dust it lies,
Nor youth nor maid will then desire or prize.
The virgin thus her blushing beauty rears,
Loved by her kindred and her young compeers;
But, if her simple charm, her maiden grace
Is sullied by one spoiler's rude embrace,
Adoring youths no more her steps attend,
Nor loving maidens greet the maiden friend.
Oh Hymen, hear! Oh sacred Hymen, haste;
Come, god and guardian of the fond and chaste!

(Vol. II. p. 7, 8.)

There is a melancholy tameness in Mr. Lamb's version of the beautiful lines of Catullus on his brother's grave. The condensed sentiment of the original is lost and enfeebled by expansion.

We may justly praise the style in which Mr. Lamb has rendered the other beautiful piece, in which the poet commemorates his deceased brother. We mean that addressed to his friend Hortalus with the hair of Berenice, translated from Callimachus.

Though grief, my Hortalus, that wastes my heart,
Forbids the culture of the learned Nine;
Nor can the Muses with their sweetest art
Inspire a bosom worn with grief like mine:
For Lethe laves my brother's clay-cold foot,
His spirit lingers o'er its lazy wave;
The Trojan earth at high Rhetæum's root
O'erwhelms his relics in a distant grave!
Shall I then never, in no future year,
Oh brother, dearer far than vital breath!
See thee again? yet will I hold thee dear,
And in sad strains for ever mourn thy death.
Such as the Daulian bird so sadly pours;
As, in some gloomy grove, whose branches cross
Inweave their shade, she still at night deploras
The hapless destinies of Itys lost.
Yet not forgetting thy request, my friend,
My love awhile can anguish disregard;
And, though oppress'd by heaviest woe, I send
These lines, the chosen of Cyrene's bard.
Lest, vainly borne upon the zephyrs swift,
Thou deem'st thy wishes fled my thought and care:
As the dear apple, love's clandestine gift,
Falls from the bosom of the virgin fair;
Which she forgetting in her vest conceal'd,
Springs her returning mother's kiss to claim,
It falls, and as it rolls to view reveal'd,
Her blushes own, like me, neglect and shame.

(Vol. II. p. 49, 50.)

The following lines, being part of the complaint of Ariadne from the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, are a favourable specimen of Mr. Lamb's powers in rhyme.

"And hast thou, Theseus, on this desert strand
Left her, who fled for thee my native land;

And has thy double perfidy beguiled
 The trusting father to betrayth the child?
 Darest thou, in scorn of heaven's attested host,
 Bear fated perjury to thy native coast?
 Could nothing check the deed thy soul design'd;
 Did rising pity never touch thy mind;
 Nor e'er thy bosom to itself portray
 Those burning pangs that now make mine their prey?
 Not these thy promises so fondly vow'd,
 When all affections to thine accent bow'd;
 Thou never bad'st me hope a fate like this,
 But festive spousals and connubial bliss.
 The oaths thy passion urged thee then to swear
 Are now all scatter'd to the senseless air.
 Then let no woman hence in man believe,
 Or think a lover speaks but to deceive.
 He, while ungratified desire is high,
 Shrinks from no oath, no promise will deny;
 Soon as his lust is satiate with its prize,
 He spurns his vows, and perjury's curse defies.
 I snatch'd thee, lost, from death's engulfing wave;
 I rather doomed my brother to the grave,
 Than fail in peril's desperate hour to aid
 Thee, hard and false; and I am thus repaid;
 Am giv'n to beasts a prey; nor shall remorse
 Heap e'en the rudest grave upon my corse."

(Vol. II. p. 28—30.)

To sum up our opinion upon the merits of Mr. Lamb's work, we have little hesitation in declaring that it is executed throughout with much fluency and elegance of versification.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

The singular rapidity with which "*Nigel*" has followed the steps of his predecessor "*The Pirate*," and the report that we may shortly expect the appearance of his successor, convince us that our task begins to grow serious. Kindly solicitous to prevent our time from hanging heavily on our hands, this fertile writer seems resolved, at every vacant season of the year, to offer his best assistance in diverting our ennui; and accordingly, having in the Christmas holidays contributed his stock of amusement in the shape of "*The Pirate*," no sooner did Whitsuntide arrive than he proffered "*The Fortunes of Nigel*," to while away a few of the sultry hours which have lately oppressed us. We therefore look forwards with confidence to his aid in killing a tedious day or two in the decline of the summer, or, at all events, before the fall of the leaf; and we shall be fully prepared, as Christmas again returns, once more to greet the appearance of our great periodical novelist. We are now fully persuaded, by the perusal of the introductory Epistle to the present work, that it is in vain to expect him to stay his course; and, indeed, he frankly confesses that he shall continue to write as long as the public will persist in reading his productions. He should, however, recollect that the world will not be satisfied unless he surpasses himself, and that an author's reputation, unless it increases, must diminish:—but this is his business rather than ours.

By the rare combination of a rich fancy with very extensive and

accurate antiquarian knowledge, which all the Scottish novels have shown the writer of them to possess, he has been enabled to become the founder of a new school. Until he appeared, we had no compositions in our language which could fairly lay claim to the title of historical novels. It is true that we possessed romances, of which the heroes frequently bore some well-known name: but, in the delineation of their characters, the author's imagination was generally as discursive as in any other portion of his work. Not so the author of "Waverley." His portraits of the various historical personages whom he has introduced are all evidently drawn by one who has been long familiar with their features, and who can, without difficulty, represent them in the shape which they have always borne in his eyes. No one, except Shakspeare in his historical plays, has given more vivid and striking pictures of the illustrious dead; and no one has been more curiously happy in throwing over the canvass that air of life and truth, that *enlèvement*, which renders the illusion so complete. While, however, the chief merit in Shakspeare's representations seems to be the intuitive faculty which the poet displays of presenting, with the most perfect nature, the fitting sentiments and feelings of his various characters, without any tried regard to the niceties of historical correctness and antiquarian research, the great endeavour of the Scottish novelist is to furnish a picture, complete in all its parts, of the manners and spirit of the age which he is describing. The scenery and decorations of his tales, if we may be allowed the expression, are finished with a scrupulous regard to truth and correctness; and not the minutest incident which his fertile mind suggests is passed over, when its insertion would add any thing to the completeness of his work.

While we thus readily admit the diligence with which the author avails himself of the varied stores of historical and antiquarian information which lie within his reach, it is evident that, like graver historians, he is not without his prejudices, and that he has not always formed an unbiassed opinion of the great characters which he represents. We are induced to enter rather more at large into this subject, by a belief that the false ideas of character, which are spread abroad in this shape, are calculated to produce more injurious effects than if they were contained in some dull and ponderous history; not only by their more extended circulation, but by the impression which such lively works of fiction usually leave on the mind. We shall not recur to any of this writer's former works in support of the opinion which we are now advancing, though ample proofs might be there collected: it will be sufficient for us to make a few observations on the historical portraits contained in "The Fortunes of Nigel."

"The Fortunes of Nigel" comprise the history of a young Scottish nobleman, who, being reduced almost to poverty, arrives in London for the purpose of soliciting from James I. the payment of a large debt due from that sovereign to his father. The adventures of this youthful Lord (Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch,) furnish the matter of the three volumes before us. The historical personages with whom we are made acquainted are James I., Prince Charles, and the celebrated Duke of Buckingham. Undoubtedly, our English Solomon is admirably drawn, and evidently with great relish and *gusto*. Indeed, the character of this divine viceregent is so obnoxious to ridicule, and the cotemporary historians have so diligently collected and transmitted

their stores of amusing anecdote, that a much duller pen might have given an entertaining representation of "the wisest fool in all Christendom." So admirably has the author succeeded in his sketch, that we question whether an equally accurate and lively portrait of James is to be found in the pages of any of our historians: but in this part the novelist has trusted little or nothing to his imagination, for his characteristic incidents, and his minute relations of the King's peculiar habits and manners, are almost entirely borrowed from the memoir-writers and annalists of the times; though interwoven into the present narrative and adapted to the present purpose with singular skill and felicity. The conversations in which James takes a part are the only portions of the volumes relating to him in which the writer's imagination has been put to the test, and here he has certainly acquitted himself most successfully. In bringing before the reader all the King's personal peculiarities, which were not few, he has been particularly happy; owing to the diligence with which he has examined the pages of Weldon, Osborn, Clarendon, and others of our older authors. The aversion which James always showed to the sight of drawn swords, or fire-arms, has furnished matter for two or three very entertaining scenes, and it is curious to observe the historical correctness of the representation of this failing. We may quote, as an example, the mode in which the King knighted Richie Moniplies. "He took the drawn sword, and with averted eyes, for it was a sight he loved not to look upon, endeavoured to lay it on Richie's shoulder, but nearly struck it into his eye. Richie, starting back, attempted to rise, but was held down by Lowestoffe, while Sir Mungo guiding the royal weapon, the honour-bestowing blow was given and received; *Surge carnifex*—Rise up Sir Richard Moniplies of Castle-Collop!"—Let us now consult the original of this scene: "He (the King) had such an aversion," says Sir Kenelm Digby, "to a naked sword all his lifetime, that he could not see one without great emotion of spirits; and though otherwise courageous enough, he could not over-master his passions in this particular. I remember when he dubb'd me knight, in the ceremony of putting a naked sword upon my shoulder, he could not endure to look upon it, but turned his face another way; insomuch that, in lieu of touching my shoulder, he had almost thrust the point into my eyes, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright." (*Digby on the Power of Sympathy*, p. 88.) We do not cite these passages for the purpose of convicting the author of plagiarism, for we think it is his highest praise that he has contrived in his character of James to render his fictitious narrative so consistent with historical truth. In the same manner, the description of the monarch's mode of riding is taken from Coke's Detection, and that of his dress from Osborn. To Clarendon, also, the writer is very considerably indebted for some curious traits of James's manners.*

We wish that we could concede the same praise of correctness to the novelist for the manner in which he has drawn Prince Charles and Buckingham: but here, if we mistake not, we perceive evident symptoms of Tory partialities. We do not indeed see much either of the Prince or the Duke, but all that we do see is clearly intended to pro-

* May we venture a conjecture whether Miss Aikin's Memoirs of James's court were not published early enough to afford this author some valuable hints?

duce a favourable impression. The better qualities of Charles are all displayed—his gravity, propriety, and princely dignity; nay, he is even represented as being much chagrined at the expedient to which his father resorted, in privately listening to the conversations of Nigel when a prisoner in the Tower: yet this detestation of treachery does not seem very natural in one who could approve of the employment of spies, a fact with which we are made acquainted by Clarendon.* Then with regard to Buckingham, from what appears of him in "The Fortunes of Nigel," we should say that he was a frank bold-hearted character; not indeed free from the vices of his age, but at all events a high-spirited and gallant courtier. We have nothing of his ambition, his insolent carriage to the King and Prince, the latter of whom historians tell us he was once on the point of striking, or of that vindictive spirit which rendered his power so truly terrible and fatal to those who once ventured to provoke him. On the contrary, we find him openly avowing himself the enemy of Lord Glenvarloch, and afterward recanting his words, and pleading that nobleman's cause before the King; a proceeding which is surely out of all historical keeping. The incident of the quarrel is evidently taken from the account handed down to us of that which occurred between the Duke and Lord Cottington; where the Duke, "with a countenance serene enough," assured his Lordship that he would always do whatsoever was in his power to ruin and destroy him; "without mentioning any particular ground for his so heightened displeasure."—The present author's notions of Buckingham's character are seemingly those of Lord Clarendon; who can scarcely, we think, be trusted as a proper guide, when he tells us that Buckingham was "of an excellent disposition, and in his nature just and candid, liberal, generous, and bountiful:" but that Hampden, like Cinna, "had a head to contrive and a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute any mischief," and that his death seemed to be "a great deliverance to the nation."

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Extracts of Notes taken in the course of a Tour on the Continent of Europe, in the years 1814 and 1815; principally relating to a Visit to the Isle of Elba, and a Conversation held with Napoleon Bonaparte, during his residence there.—London & Truro.—pp. 58.

This little pamphlet is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Vivian, brother of the distinguished general officer of that name. What he does relate may therefore be considered as entitled to credit—a qualification which it would not be easy to extend to many of the accounts of Bonaparte, his conversations and writings; which are, sooth to say, most of them mere forgeries and impositions. The author felt the interest of his subject so much, that he made ample notes at the moment; and, in his use of them for his present purpose, has judiciously preserved where he could the very expressions of Napoleon. He has thus produced a sample of that extraordinary person's mode of conveying his ideas, as characteristic as any which we have ever seen; and contributed a very entertaining picture of him, in a cheap and popular form, to gratify the curiosity of the British public.

* Continuation of the Life of the Earl of Clarendon, iii. 678.

The remarks on the Isle of Elba we shall pass without ceremony—they are not so full as those of Count Thiebaud's—and proceed at once to the more attractive portion of the Brochure, the details of an interview with Bonaparte, to which Mr. V. and a friend were introduced by Bertrand, on the 26th of January, 1815.

"The evening of the 26th being appointed for our audience with the Emperor, we attired ourselves in regimentals, and having taken coffee with Count Bertrand, at a little after eight o'clock, we proceeded from his apartments to the imperial residence, amidst a flood of rain. From the entrance, which was situated in the left wing, we passed into an anti-chamber containing two windows, and the walls of which were hung with a number of good prints. Here we remained whilst the Count went to announce our arrival, and we were shortly after ushered into the presence of Napoleon, without any form or ceremony whatever. We found this extraordinary man standing by the fire, at the further end of a room adjoining the anti-chamber, and into which he had come, on being informed of our arrival. This room was about the size of that we had left, and was fitted up with old yellow furniture, brought, as we understood, from the palace of his sister, at Piombino. On our entrance he advanced towards us, and we took our station with our backs against a table that stood between the windows. Whilst he was advancing he began the conversation:—"

[The French is also given; but we prefer the translation.]

"What uniform do you wear?"—"That of the (local) militia."

"Of what county?"—"Cornwall."

"That is a very mountainous country?"—"Yes."

"Of what height are the mountains; are they as high as those of this island?"—"They are higher, but they are of a different character; less insulated."

"Are they as high as those of the principality of Wales?"—"Not quite."

"How many toises are they—six or eight hundred?"—"No, not so many,—perhaps from three to four hundred."

"What is the capital of Cornwall?"—"Truro is a principal town."

"What! Truro, near to Falmouth!"

"How long have you been assembled every year?"—"A month in each year."

"Who paid you—the government?"—"Yes, the government paid us, but the Prince Regent clothed us."

"What rank have you; that of colonel?"—"No, major."

"Ah!—major?"—"We are the (local) Militia of the Miners of Cornwall."

"Ah!—there are mines of tin there?"—"Yes, and of copper also."

"Does the Prince Regent receive any dues from the mines?"—"Yes, from the tin, but not from the copper."

"How much a-year does he receive from these dues?"—"Between nine and ten thousand pounds sterling."

"Then turning to my friend M. W. he said: 'And you?'—"I also belong to the militia."

"Of what county?"—"Kent."

"Ah, we were neighbours."

"He then addressed himself to me, and asked respecting the route I had taken, and when I had left England?—I replied that I had left England nearly twelve months before; that I had passed by Paris and Bourdeaux, to Thoulouse, in order to visit a brother, a general officer, who had been severely wounded there. He made no remark upon this, but observed:

"Then you passed by the Garonne and Montauban; a very pretty little town, with excellent wine.—You drink a good deal in England.'
(*Vous buvez beaucoup en Angleterre.*)

He had before, I understood, made the same observation to some other English travellers, who had been introduced to him.—I told him, that formerly much more had been drank in England, than was drank at present: and that the custom of sitting very long after dinner had, in a great measure, been done away; but that as we still sat after the ladies had left the table, we had more time and greater inducement to drink, than other nations.

"Where did you cross the Rhone, at Lyons?—No, at Avignon.'

"Ah! you passed then the Pont de Gard.—Is the bridge at Avignon finished?—No, over one branch of the river only.'

"Ah! but you passed over the Durance, where I had made a long wooden bridge.—You visited Nice?—Yes.'

"Did you go to Genoa?—No, I wished to do so, but the wind was not favourable.'

"The road I was making is not yet finished, is it?—No,—we crossed the Maritime Alps, to Turin.'

"Ah! by the *Col du Tende*?—Yes,—a very bad passage, and very badly kept.'

"That is not of my making; it was made by the King of Sardinia. I passed it twenty-five years ago; but it is only over the *Col du Tende* that it is so bad.—I did a little to the excavation, and had some idea of making a good road over it, but I did not care much about it.—I was desirous of reigning also over Italy.—(*Comme je voulois dominer aussi sur l'Italie.*)—My principal object was to connect that country with France, as much as possible, by means of good roads on the side of Mount Cenis and the Simplon.'

"I told him that I had passed the Simplon, and complimented him on the greatness of the undertaking, and the excellence of the execution;—upon which he observed, that there was a grand road he had been making from Wesel to Hamburgh, not yet finished; which had cost a considerable sum of money.—I remarked that we travellers at every step recognised his works.—With this observation he appeared to be pleased.—He then asked, if the road over the Simplon was kept in good repair.—I told him, that as yet, it was in good order; but that it was feared it would be neglected; that the Vallais and neighbouring countries could not support the expense of maintaining it. He said—

"That must be done by a toll, which would answer very well.'

"He asked if I had passed by Milan—a fine city—and then inquired particularly if the bridges he had laid out between Turin and Milan were finished.—I told him that the bridge over the Tessino was not completed, but that the pillars were all above water.

* He had been making a road by the coast, from Nice to Genoa.

"Those over the Sesia, at Vercelli, and over the Dora, are they finished?"—'Yes.'

"From the subject of roads he touched on that of canals—and asked if the canal from Pavia to Milan was finished.—I replied that I believed not; and I asked him if he had not a project of uniting the Rhine and the Danube.—He replied that it was very easy to do so; that it was an affair only of twenty millions of francs; that he had united the Rhine and the Rhone; the German ocean and the Mediterranean.—On his asking from whence I last came, and my answering from Vienna, he exclaimed—

"A poor little city (*une pauvre petite ville*) with large suburbs, unpaved;—and the ramparts?"—(*et les ramparts?*)

"I told him they were precisely in the situation in which he had left them.—He said—

"Yes, Bertrand performed that kind office for them very effectually."

"I observed, that at Frankfort and at Manheim, where he had demolished the fortifications, they were laid out with taste.—'Yes,' said he, 'in fine promenades,' (*Oui des belles promenades.*)

"His next subject was politics;—he asked me how Congress went on.—I told him that there were plenty of fêtes, but that little progress was said to be made in business; and I mentioned to him the bon mot of the Prince de Ligne, who said—*Le Congrès dance mais ne marche pas*—at which he smiled. I added, that Poland was understood to be a stumbling-block; that it was said the Emperor of Russia wanted to form a kingdom of it, but that the other powers, it was supposed, feared Russia's becoming too formidable. He remarked that it was a power that went on increasing; a very rising power. He then said that the treaty of peace between himself and the allies should have been signed at Frankfort; separating Germany entirely from France, and taking Holland, Italy, and Spain from him; but that he never could have consented to leave France less in territory, than it was when he ascended the throne.—I asked him why he did not make peace at Dresden, when those terms were offered to him; he said that the allies were not sincere, and that besides *les choses* at that time were different; that had peace been then made, England would have saved some thousands of men and much money; that he considered it very bad policy of England to appropriate Belgium to herself; that it would be a constant source of expense, and would probably draw her into a war; for that any other continental power would be sure of France as an ally, by offering Belgium as a bribe. 'Supposing,' said he, 'for instance, Russia were to say to France, "do you take Belgium, and let me have Poland?"—In short,' added he, 'England cannot maintain herself as a power of the first rank on the Continent;—Belgium must be lost on the first *coup de canon*. The English government should have covered and fortified Holland, but Antwerp is the object; for a battle fought and lost before Brussels, which is close to the gates of Paris, would open the road to Holland. England, with her immense colonies, instead of being obliged to keep up a large army to cover Belgium, should withdraw within her island, and act, when and where she chose.' He spoke of the Dutch troops, and appeared to have but a poor opinion of them; their marine, he said, was much reduced.—He expressed

himself with much contempt of the Austrian soldiers, who 'would not fight without a bellyful.'—Referring to the campaign in France, he said that he should have beaten the allies, had he not been betrayed; for that the peasants were taking arms in their rear. I asked him by whom he had been betrayed; whether by Talleyrand, whom I had heard accused.—He answered so as to give me to understand he had been a party; but he principally blamed Marmont and Augereau.—The latter, he told me, had a fine army, superior to the Austrians, and was to have joined him (Bonaparte) in his last movement; but that he had made his terms with the allies a fortnight before, and that he had narrowly escaped being massacred by his soldiers for his conduct.—I observed to him, that when I had passed through Paris, I had heard there was an opinion amongst the lower orders, that he and Paris had been sold.—*Que l'Empereur et Paris étoient vendus.*

"Blucher, he said, was a brave man, but not a great general; and added, that he had lost two armies. The Prussians had fought well. Of Schwartzberg, as an officer, he expressed himself favourably.—Upon my asking him if he did not consider the Duke of Wellington a good general, he replied, '*Oui.*'—I was not satisfied with this, but repeated the question in stronger terms; asking if he was not a very good, an excellent general. He answered, '*Oui, oui!*' with emphasis, but not another word.—Touching on the Corunna campaign, he said, Moore was a good general, and had saved that army. The Spaniards, as soldiers, he held very cheap. In the mountains they had done something; their character was obstinacy (*opiniâtreté*)—they wanted valour. I mentioned the gallant defence they had made at Saragossa. This, he said, was *opiniâtreté*;—they were 50,000 men within the walls, attacked by 15,000. I observed that, at least, the Portuguese had proved themselves very good troops. This he admitted. 'But then,' added he, 'they were officered by British, and of this the national pride (*Fierté*) of the Spaniards would not admit;—besides, the Spaniards are bigots in religion, and you know that you are heretics' (*vous savez que vous êtes des hérétiques*), said he, laughing. The French soldiers, he asserted, were *peu constants*; that they wanted *tenacité*; that if they had a little more *tenacité*, any thing might be done with them;—that Cæsar had well defined their character in that respect, and that it had not changed; that he, (Bonaparte) knew it well, and had acted upon it in the campaign in France; that the soldiers could not bear such a check (*secousse*).—He inquired if the English soldiers, when drunk, were not ungovernable; observing that the French, at such times, were loving (*doux et tendres*).

"Speaking of Switzerland, he said there appeared much to be settled in that country; that he had given them a constitution which it should seem they wished to change. I remarked, that the Canton of Berne wanted to recover what had been separated from it.—'Yes,' replied he, 'the large to domineer over the small; there is no yoke (*joug*) so severe as that of a people.'—The fate of Italy he lamented much, divided as it was into small states.—Italy, he said, should have been preserved as a kingdom. I agreed with him entirely in regretting the fate of Italy, but asked, who was to be king, and who was to nominate. 'Oh! it matters little,' said he, 'who it is—some Italian—or by whom appointed;' and he instanced Murat. 'A sovereign,' added he, 'is made for his people, and not a people for their sove-

reign.'—The Italians, he observed, were a people of strong passions, (*passionés*;) and had a great deal of excellent stuff (*étouffe*) in them as soldiers,—much of the old Roman left.—He spoke of the bad policy of the Austrian cabinet towards Italy, and that of the Austrian officers towards the inhabitants, in not associating with them, as the French had done.—He added, that he had done much to reform the Italian people; that he had found them effeminate, and living for the women, and with them all day long;—that it was a fine country. Upon this I remarked, that by transporting to Paris the best of the paintings, &c. he had taken considerably from the interest of Italy. To this he made no reply, but spoke of Bologna as a *bonne et jolie ville*.—In speaking, I think, of Turin, he mentioned a fine street called *via Napoleon*; he knew not what they called it now.

"To the Pope, as the head of the church and as a sovereign, he seemed to have a great aversion; he said that he was always sacrificing his conscience to some miserable little piece of policy; that the existence of a pope was a great misfortune for Europe (*un grand malheur pour l'Europe*); that we were very much indebted to our King Henry VIII. for getting rid of him; that he had attempted to do the same, but could not succeed; that the government of priests was detestable, and that every sovereign should be at the head of his own church, as in England, Prussia, &c.; that, as a man, the Pope was a very good sort of person (*un bien bon homme*); that he had entertained him very well at Fontainebleau, and made him very comfortable there; that he (the Pope) was ignorant in the extreme; and that amongst all his cardinals (for he had seen them all at Paris,) there was not one he would allow to fill a fourth rank in his (Bonaparte's) council. Ecclesiastical states, he added, should on no account be allowed; the empire of the church was not of this world.

"Speaking of the Americans, he said they wanted a ten years' war to make them a nation; that at present they had no noblesse, which they would acquire by a war; that they were now a nation of merchants (*une nation de marchands*;) as was shown in the case of the sale of Jefferson's library to the highest bidder; that had we (the English) made peace with them before, we should have gone to Congress with more weight; that America had carried on the war with spirit after France had fallen (*après que la France eut succombée*;) and that the war, after all, was about nothing—a few feet more or less of lake. He then said something of a great project he had with respect to Mexico, of which I could not catch the meaning; and observed, that we should one day or other lose Canada; adding—'Of what great consequence is it to England, with her numerous colonies?' He said, that when America became more powerful, she would probably rival us in our marine;—that he had made the attempt to do this, but had failed.—With respect to the right of search, which I called a *droit*, he said it was no *droit*, but a mere *théorie*; that when we were very strong we should exercise it, but if, on the contrary, we had Russia, Sweden, and Denmark against us, we probably should not insist on it.—He gave it as his opinion, that England and France should be allied. On my signifying, by a shake of my head, the improbability of such an event, he said, 'Why not?—the world is large enough—France does not want to meddle too much with commerce. There was a man, Fox, who could have effected it, but unfortunately he is dead.'—He

then asked where we were going from Elba, and on my answering, 'To Rome and Naples,' he replied, 'Ah! then you will see there a magnificent Lazarone;' adding, 'From Naples, I suppose, you return to England by sea.' Upon my saying that it was my intention to return by Italy and the Mont Cenis, as I had seen all the other passes of the Alps, having come from Vienna by the Tyrol, he observed, 'No, there is still that over the Julian Alps.'—On saying this, he made us a low bow, wished us a *très bon voyage*, and retired."

This is the whole of the conversation. The interview lasted about an hour and a half, and the author adds—

"We stood during the whole time, I may say almost nose to nose; for I had my back against the table, and he had advanced close to me, looking full in my face.—After the first few minutes, I felt most perfectly at my ease, and the conversation never flagged; his strain and manner were as familiar and good-natured as possible; so very much so, that I felt no hesitation whatever in putting any question to him. He had on a green coat, cut off in front, faced with the same colour, and trimmed with red at the skirts; and wore the stars of two orders. Under his left arm he held his hat, and in his hand a plain snuff-box, from which he every now and then took a pinch; but as he occasionally sneezed, it appeared to me that he was not addicted to snuff-taking. His hair was without powder, and quite straight;—his shape inclined to corpulence."

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Geological Remarks on the Rock of Gibraltar and the adjacent Country. By Mr. JOHN BAIRD.*

THE Rock of Gibraltar is a huge insulated mass of limestone, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by a low sandy tract of land called the Neutral Ground, by which it is connected with the continent of Spain. It is probable, I think, that this low neck of land, which in general rises but a few feet above the level of the bay, has at one time been covered by the sea, leaving the Rock of Gibraltar an abrupt rocky island mass a few miles from the main land of Spain.

The north and east sides of this rock present an almost perpendicular steepness from top to bottom. The west side slopes at about an average angle of 45°. The south end or side of the rock is at first quite perpendicular, and then falls gradually down towards Europa Point. The town is built near the foot of the west side of the rock. The length of the rock from north to south may be about two and a half miles; its breadth from west to east from half a mile to above a mile; and its height about 1000 feet above the level of the sea. The top of the rock is a long narrow ridge, running north and south, the west side sloping down to the town and bay; the east side, from its rugged, perpendicular front, almost inducing the opinion, that Gibraltar Rock, as it now exists, is only the half of a large hill, the east side

* Read before the Wernerian Natural History Society.

of which, in some great convulsion of nature, has been torn asunder from the other, and precipitated into the Mediterranean.

The view from the top of the Rock of Gibraltar, the Mount Calpe of old, in a clear day, is most magnificent. To the east, the Mediterranean stretches out before us as far as the eye can reach; and on either side its lofty shores, the mountainous coast of Africa on the one hand, and, on the other, the more beautiful perhaps, but scarcely less hilly coast of Europe, both gradually receding from each other, to form, as it were, a broader basin for the Mediterranean; the village of St. Roche, to the north, beautifully situate on the top of a gently sloping hill; the Bay of Gibraltar, and town of Algeziras to the west, and to the south the sister pillar, the lofty Mount Abyla, and her neighbouring mountains.

The Rock of Gibraltar is composed of limestone, of which there are two principal varieties, one, forming the great mass of the hill, hard, fine-grained, with a splintery or conchoidal fracture, possessing considerable lustre, and generally of a light-grey colour, sometimes also dark, sometimes nearly white, and in one part of the hill, where it is quarried as a marble, occurring beautifully variegated. This limestone is stratified, and near the top of the hill, as is well seen, the strata run from nearly north-east to south-west, and inclining to the south-west at an angle of 60° or 70° . The other principal variety is a conglomerate or brecciated limestone, formed of the debris of the former, connected by a red calcareous basis, and wrapping round the other central mass. This conglomerate variety appears to be still forming on the hill. Besides these, there occur two beds of a flinty slate rock, both very much decayed, and one of them containing numerous round and angular pieces of limestone. These beds appear to be contained in the older solid limestone, and to run in strata conformable to it.

Ample opportunities are afforded to gratify every wish of the geologist, in ascertaining the structure of the hill, by visiting the extensive excavations in various parts of the rock, which have been formed for the purpose of strengthening this great and important fortress. At the foot of the hill, the sole rock visible is the conglomerate limestone, which occurs in great abundance, and forming small hills. The imbedded masses are often of a very large size. The basis is a red, coarse, calcareous cement, or a calcareous tuff, more or less hard, and often intermixed with round concretions of calcareous sinter. At the foot of the hill the rock is often almost entirely composed of this calcareous tuff. As we ascend the hill, this conglomerate rock decreases in quantity, the imbedded masses become smaller, and the connecting basis less abundant, more compact, finer, and of a lighter colour. The imbedded masses, which are of every shape, are undoubtedly broken portions of the solid limestone nucleus. When we have ascended above two-thirds of the hill, this conglomerate encrusts the interior mass to the depth only of a few inches, and a little higher up almost entirely disappears, when the solid limestone forms the whole upper part of the hill.

Numerous caves occur in the limestone, the sides, roofs, and floors of which are lined with a thick coating of calc-sinter, with numerous stalactites from the roof, and thick, massive pillars, as usual in caves of this kind. Many caves formerly existed, which are now entirely

filled with calc-sinter and calc-tuff. Few of these caves are large. St. Michael's Cave, about 800 feet above the level of the sea, which is the largest and best known, is about 100 feet in length, 40 in breadth, and 40 or 50 in height. The stalactites are short and thick, and generally of a brown calc-sinter, which is heavier and harder than the other varieties. At the farther extremity of this cave are many deep hollows; in some of these I found parts of the skeletons of goats, which had no doubt fallen into these pits, and being unable to escape, had there perished. Bones and skeletons may in this way be often found in these caves, encrusted and petrified by the calc-sinter. Below this upper cave occurs another smaller cave, but more beautiful, into which you descend by rope-ladders by one of these deep hollows. Many amusing fables relate to this cave. Hundreds of small caves occur in the rock, generally I think situate in the conglomerate, and filled in part with calc-sinter and calc-tuff. St. Michael's Cave, however, occurs in the solid limestone. Some of these caves present most picturesque and magnificent appearances. The calc-sinter of these caves, and the calc-tuff of the conglomerate limestone appears to have a similar formation; the tuff is associated with the sinter in the caves, the sinter is associated with the tuff in the rock: if the one, therefore, is gradually forming, so is the other; if the one is formed by percolation of water through the rock, which holds the calcareous matter in solution, so is the other; and thus the formation of the one is connected with, and illustrates the formation of the other.

To the north-east of the Rock of Gibraltar, about fifteen miles on the shores of the Mediterranean, rises a very lofty range, called the Afluxara Mountains, steep, massive, and bare. I did not examine these hills, but they are probably a continuation of the limestone of Gibraltar. The Neutral Ground which connects Gibraltar with Spain is two or three miles in length, beyond which the country rises into round, sloping hills. The rocks, to the distance of ten or twelve miles to the north-west of Gibraltar, are various kinds of limestone, coarser than the limestone of the Rock, and resting upon it.

FROM THE SAME.

*Notice of a Species of Cannibalism, practised in the interior of Sumatra, together with some particulars relative to the Customs of the Inhabitants, and the produce of the Country about Tappanooly, including the Camphor Tree. Communicated in a Letter from India.**

1. Cannibalism, and Customs of the Battas.

As the Helen is still in company, I sit down to fulfil my promise of an account of Tappanooly, and the Battas who inhabit the interior of that part of Sumatra. They had been stated to be *cannibals*, and we were curious to ascertain the fact, and learn something of so peculiar a state of society. We therefore assembled some of the most intelligent chiefs, whom we examined at length respecting all their usages

* Read before the Wernerian Society, 18th May, 1822.

and customs, and obtained the most ample and indisputable information on every point. The history of these people is so extraordinary and peculiar, that I should not have credited it on any evidence less than that which we received, and which I should almost fear to communicate, were I less convinced of its absolute correctness.

That they are *cannibals* is placed beyond a doubt; but the circumstances and manner in which it is practised, are, I believe, unexampled in the history of the human race. The eating of men is not merely practised in war, as in some other savage countries, but is the punishment solemnly and deliberately awarded by their laws for certain capital crimes. Five cases are enumerated in which the eating of offenders is ordained, of which the first, and, in their ideas the greatest, is adultery. The sentence is passed in full council by the assembled chiefs, and is publicly carried into effect three days after, when the whole neighbourhood is assembled. The victim is tied up, with his hands extended, and the injured party is asked what part he chooses; he perhaps desires the ears; they are instantly cut off, and he deliberately eats them, either raw, with limes and pepper, or dressed, as he pleases. Every person present then cuts off and eats what part he likes; and after all are satisfied, the chief enemy cuts off the head, and carries it home, to suspend it in triumph on the top of his house. Thus the culprit is literally eaten alive, and with a coolness and deliberation, that I believe to be absolutely unparalleled. You will have difficulty, I know, in believing this, but I tell it you plainly, according to the information we received from the people themselves, who seemed to think very little of it. Such severities of punishment must of course operate to make a crime of rare occurrence; and another check to its frequency is, that the injured party may, if he pleases, commute the punishment for a pecuniary compensation, which avarice often tempts them to do. In short, it seems to be like Shylock's pound of flesh, an atonement the party aggrieved has a right to, and which he may dispense with if he pleases.

The Battas are evidently of Hindoo origin, and these customs afford another example of the *mild* spirit of that religion, which denounces damnation on the slayer of a cow or an ant, yet makes its sport of human life, and of every affection in our nature. Formerly it was their practice to eat their parents, when they became too old to be useful, but they say that latterly it has been abandoned. Now, you will of course suppose, that these people are in the lowest state of barbarism to which nature can be reduced; but, strange inconsistency! it is quite the reverse, and they have even many noble and estimable qualities.

In point of veracity and sense of honour, they are as much superior to the Bengalees, as we are to both. Their deportment and behaviour is manly and independent. In some things their notions are carried to a most extravagant length: a man, for instance, must not marry a woman of his own tribe, but must seek a wife in some other tribe, that acknowledges different ancestors. The breach of this rule is punishable with eating. This is carrying the idea of consanguinity much farther than we do. If two men quarrel, and their difference cannot be accommodated by mediation, they go to war; but before commencing operations, they must publicly proclaim the war in the fairs, that the other may have proper warning. If a man should kill another

without this public proclamation of hostility, he would be sentenced to be eaten; but after it, such an act is legal. Even then, however, being only a private quarrel, he is not permitted to eat his enemy, though he may kill him. It is only on great occasions, when the whole nation goes to war, that eating enemies is permitted. At the fairs, it is a point of honour, that no violence or treachery be committed: a man who carries his musket to the fair, sticks a green branch in the muzzle of it, in proof of peaceable intentions.

The Battas have a written character peculiar to themselves, and books on various subjects: we have got an account of five or six. The country in the interior is populous, and well cultivated, and farther, abounds in gold. Camphor and Bayamin are the wild products of their forests, and are procured in no other part of the world. Thus, few countries surpass it in natural riches. The people in the interior have an aversion to the sight of the sea, thinking it the abode of evil spirits; and the inhabitants of the coast are in consequence of this an inferior race. They acknowledge one Supreme God, and three inferior divinities. Their names show them to be of Hindoo origin, as well as the title of their greatest chief, *Sa Singa Maha Rajah*, which is pure Sanscrit.

So extraordinary a people would require to be better known, and we shall probably sooner or later make an expedition into their country. This will be very practicable, as the chief of Baroos, one of our friends, has lately married the daughter of a Batta Chief. I should have mentioned that women are excluded from their human feasts. Who knows but we may yet civilize and reclaim these people; I think they have sterling good qualities that would make it worth while. At all events I should like to get among them, and have ocular proof of their customs; it may be we shall yet be present at a human feast. We told the chiefs we were anxious to partake, and asked them what were the epicurean morsels. They laughed, but said the palms of the hands, and soles of the feet, were the pieces most prized.

2. Account of the Camphor-tree of Sumatra.

The Harbour of Tappanooly is a most noble and extensive one. The hills come down to its edge, and are clothed with luxuriant forests of Camphor, &c. One settlement is on a very small island in the middle of it, most romantically situated, where there is a small fort, two or three houses for the Resident and his assistants, and a small bazar of perhaps three or four hundred people. The population around is very scanty, and their villages are situated in the hollow of the hills, where they lie hid till you come close upon them.

The *Camphor-trees* are the monarchs of the forest, being often a hundred feet perpendicular to the first branch: and they are as straight as masts. We ordered one to be cut down, and got a little camphor in it. The camphor is found in concrete masses, in cracks and hollows in the heart of the tree. Very little of it finds its way to Europe; it chiefly goes to China, where it bears a price about thirty times that of the China camphor, which is the article we use. The latter is the produce of the *Laurus Camphora*, obtained by boiling; the former of an imperfectly known genus, called by Gaertner, who only saw the fruit, *Pyrobalanops*, and is the natural product of the tree. It is not exactly known what occasions its enormous value in

China, 3000 dollars a pecul of 133 pounds. It has been supposed that it was mixed with their own camphor, and sold again in that adulterated state; but the difference of price renders this improbable. I rather suspect that the Chinese, whose epicurism is very extraordinary and different from ours, use it in some way or other for culinary purposes. Besides the camphor, the tree yields an oil which is very powerful. It only flowers once in four or five years, and was not in flower when I was there. I got, however, specimens last year. I scrambled over several of the hills during the two days we remained at Tappanooly, and got some new plants. * * * * Here there is in fact a field new and untrodden by the foot of science, a harvest reserved for me to reap; and it shall not be neglected, for I have every advantage and opportunity. * * * *

Indiana, off Natrall, 29th February, 1820.

FROM THE SAME.

Researches on Hydrocyanic Acid and Opium, with reference to their Counter-poisons. By JOHN MURRAY, Esq. F. L. S. M. W. S., &c. Communicated by the Author.

IN June, 1815, a paper of mine was read to the Linnæan Society, developing a simple and apparently decisive method of ascertaining the sedative virtues of vegetable juices and their counter-agents.

The sciatic nerves of the prepared frog were taken up by a silver probe, and moistened with the tincture, and the result indicated the sedative power or its obverse; the degree was determined by the specific gravity of the solution employed, and the power measured by the duration of the period required to produce its maximum effect.

It would be superfluous now to describe what has already been amply detailed. It was clearly proved from the result, that a suspension of the voltaic excitement, more or less decided, was the consequence of certain vegetable juices, and that in such as were operative in this manner, acetic acid was found to be a counter-agent.

It may be worthy of remark in this place, that discoveries have since manifested new alkaline bases, characterized by specific characters in such as having produced a sedative effect, were neutralized by acetic acid, as *morphia*, *atropia*, &c.

The following paper is intended simply to detail the results of some experiments, instituted with reference to the discovery of counter-poisons to their agency on the system. Facts are soon detailed; and it is not necessary that they be amplified or extended by unnecessary details. The truths gleaned from actual experiment are immutable, while the consequences which may be deduced in support of a theory, may soon be overlooked in the progression of intelligence.

I had always found, that the violent headach which sometimes occurred in preparing hydrocyanic or prussic acid, was relieved and removed by *ammonia*, which induced me to think that the antidote to that acid, and virulent and formidable poison, might be found in *ammonia*.

A small portion of hydrocyanic acid was given to a healthy young rabbit, which proved fatal in ten minutes. Soon after its administra-

tion, the head declined on one side, violent spasms supervened, while the eye lost its lustre, and the animal died in dreadful convulsions.

On dissection after death, the lobes of the lungs appeared paler than usual, coagulable lymph was found lining the trachea, as in Cynanche Trachealis, and the stomach was found inflamed near the pylorus. The brain was not examined.

The muscular fibre was still excitable by voltaic agency, but the excitability soon declined.

A drop or two of hydrocyanic acid on the head of a frog soon proved fatal. The colour promptly changed to an unwonted paleness.

The sciatic nerves of the prepared limbs were moistened with hydrocyanic acid, but no suspension of the voltaic excitement supervened. It was accompanied by a tremulous movement of the muscular fibre, connected with the lines of the nerves; and this spontaneous irritability seemed increased by the application of alcoholic solution of iodine.

It is a singular fact, that not unfrequently an alcoholic solution of iodine, dropped on the muscular fibre of a frog, excited phenomena similar to the action of the voltaic apparatus. It seemed also to renew excitability when the susceptibility had declined or was lost.

When the symptoms were verging to a fatal issue in a frog, a drop or two of ammonia on the head effectually restored the animal.

A greater quantity of hydrocyanic acid was given to a young rabbit than proved fatal in the case detailed. Ammonia was occasionally applied to the mouth on a sponge. The animal exhibited no unhealthy symptom whatever.

A considerable quantity of the hydrocyanate of ammonia with excess of base, was administered to another rabbit, but without any deleterious effect.

Half a drachm of hydrocyanic acid was given to a healthy young rabbit. The effects were prompt. Respiration became laborious and difficult, with a grating in the throat,—the eye lost its brilliancy,—the head dropped,—it raised a sharp cry, and was convulsed. Strong ammonia was dropt into the animal's mouth, and it was repeatedly moistened with a sponge dipped into ammonia. It almost instantly revived, and even *licked repeatedly the finger* which sometimes applied the ammonia, apparently quite sensible of the instant and continued relief it afforded. The animal effectually recovered. Its lips were excoriated by the ammonia.

Conscious of the complete antidote to this formidable poison found in ammonia, I took a quantity of hydrocyanic acid, sufficient to produce violent headach, stupefaction, &c. but diluted ammonia afforded me instant relief. I occasionally applied it to the olfactory organs, and bathed the forehead.

Since hydrocyanic acid has been introduced into our pharmacopœia, and employed in *phthisis pulmonalis*, and accidental poisoning may be anticipated, it is of much moment to know an effectual barrier to its virulence; and such is my complete conviction of the antidote, that I would feel no hesitation whatever in taking a quantity sufficient to *prove fatal*, provided there stood by a skilful hand to administer the remedy.

It is admitted that *morphia* is the active principle in opium. Morphia dissolved in alcohol, in which, however, it is sparingly solu-

ble, produced, on the sciatic nerves of a prepared frog, effects analogous to those of the tincture of opium. Acetic acid restored the voltaic excitability.

The sciatic nerves were moistened with superacetate of morphia, but the excitement was the same as if none had been applied.

A frog's head and abdominal viscera were steeped in superacetate of morphia, but the voltaic action remained unchanged.

Half a drachm of superacetate of morphia was given to a young rabbit, but no apparent derangement of its healthy functions took place: it rather seemed to act as a stimulus to appetite.

These experiments pointed out *acetic acid* as the counter-poison to opium, and from its volatile properties, and other characters, in which it differs almost essentially from *acetous acid*, having no affinity with it except in an acid character, and having much of the features of an ether, I am of opinion acetic acid may prove serviceable where acetous acid would not prove effectual.

Two and a half drachms of tincture of opium were given to a rabbit. In a short time the eye became more opaque, the pupil dwindled to a mathematical point and was insensible to the stimulus of light, the head fell to the floor, and the breathing was difficult and loud, and there supervened a fatal prostration of strength. *Acetic acid* was then administered through a quill, and applied to the mouth on a sponge repeatedly. The head was also bathed with acetic acid, and it was also applied to the extremities, and in the direction of the spine. The whole quantity of the acetic acid used was about a fluid ounce. The animal was also frequently roused, and finally kept warm. The animal effectually recovered.

These experiments were repeated with uniform success on other rabbits. Several days have elapsed, and they continue in the most healthy condition.

I much regret that these experiments have been so painful to me, as to cause for some time an interruption of my researches on *Hyoscyamus niger*, *Atropa Belladonna*, *Cicuta virosa*, and other vegetable poisons; and nothing but the high importance which might attach to the discovery of an antidote to their fatality, could have induced me to commence the inquiry.

I have no hesitation to pronounce, with positive certainty, that in ammonia will be found a complete antidote to hydrocyanic acid, and in acetic acid an effectual counter-poison to opium.

The agency of voltaic excitement holds out a method to discover the comparative sedative or narcotic properties of vegetable juices, as well as their counter-agents. It unfolds all those that are stimulating and those that are not, with their relative correctives. By this means, we are prepared by well grounded anticipation for the successful application of an antidote.

FROM THE SAME.

Analysis of a Paper on the Finite Extent of the Atmosphere. By W. H. WOLLASTON, M. D. V. P. R. S.*

If air consists of ultimate particles, whose divisibility has a limit, an atmosphere composed of such particles must have a finite extent,

* Read before the Royal Society, on the 17th January, 1822.

because it cannot expand beyond that distance at which the force of gravity upon a single particle is equal to the resistance arising from the repulsive force of the medium. In order to ascertain whether or not this is the constitution of our atmosphere, Dr. Wollaston considers what would be the effect of an unlimited expansion of an atmosphere, and finding that no such effects are exhibited in any of the bodies of the planetary system, he concludes that these bodies have not an atmosphere of indefinite extent; that the earth's atmosphere is also limited, and consequently, that matter has a finite divisibility, and that the doctrine of ultimate atoms is thus indirectly established.

If the expansion of any atmosphere is unlimited, the same kind of matter must pervade all space, and the sun, moon, and all the planets must have this matter condensed around them in quantities dependent on the force of their respective attractions. For the purpose of determining if such an accumulation of matter does exist round any of the planetary bodies, he begins with the *Sun*, which, on account of its having the greatest mass, ought to accumulate round it the greatest quantity of atmospherical matter.

Assuming the sun's mass as 330,000 times that of the earth, and his radius 111.5 times that of the earth, he finds that the distance from the sun's centre at which his atmosphere will have a density fully equal to our own, and therefore capable of refracting a ray of light more than one degree, is = $\sqrt{330,000} = 575$ times the earth's radius,

= $\frac{575}{111.5} = 5.15$ times the sun's radius; that is, a point whose angular distance from the sun's centre is $15' 49'' \times 5.15 = 1^\circ 21' 29''$.

Now, if any of the planets or stars, in approaching the sun's disc, suffer no refraction at all, when carefully observed at the above distance, or at less distances from the sun's centre, we may safely conclude that no such atmosphere exists.

In order to determine this point, Captain Kater made a series of observations on Venus on the 18th and 19th of May, 1821, when she was on the eve of her conjunction with the sun, and Dr. Wollaston made similar ones after her conjunction. Captain Kater's last observation was made when Venus was only $65' 50''$ from the sun's centre; and Dr. Wollaston's when her distance was only $53' 15''$; and at both these times, neither her motion nor her position were in the least affected by a solar atmosphere. In 1805, M. Vidal of Montpellier observed Venus when her distance from his centre was only $46'$, and Mercury when his distance was only $65'$; and in both these cases, the observed and the calculated positions agree exactly.

These arguments receive, if they require it, additional strength from the phenomena of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. These bodies advance regularly, and without any retardation from refraction, to the very disc of the planet; so that Jupiter cannot possess that extent of atmosphere which he is capable of attracting to himself from an infinitely divisible medium filling space. For, taking Jupiter's mass at 309 times that of the earth, and his diameter at 11 times that of the earth, then $\sqrt{309} = 17.6$ times the earth's radius,

= $\frac{17.6}{11} = 1.6$ times his own radius, which will be the distance from his centre at which an atmosphere equal to our own should produce a

refraction of one degree. To the fourth satellite this distance would subtend an angle of about $3^{\circ} 37'$; so that an increase of density to $3\frac{1}{2}$ times our common atmosphere, would be more than sufficient to render the fourth satellite visible to us *when behind the centre of the planet, and consequently, to appear on both (or all) sides at the same time.* The space of about six inches in depth within which this increase of density would take place, would not subtend so much as $\frac{1}{360}$ th of a second.

Hence, Dr. Wollaston concludes, *that all the phenomena accord entirely with the supposition that the earth's atmosphere is of finite extent, limited by the weight of ultimate atoms, of definite magnitude, no longer divisible by repulsion of their parts.*

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdaron, in the County of Cærnarvon, in North Wales; exhibiting a remarkable Instance of a partial Power and Cultivation of Intellect. 8vo. 50 pp. Portrait. Cadell & Arch. 1822.

The extraordinary subject of this very interesting little memoir, is the son of a carpenter, residing in a small sea-port on the wildest part of the coast of Wales. His father is in circumstances of extreme poverty, and occasionally employs himself in fishing, or in voyages from Aberdaron to Liverpool, in a small boat. Richard was born in 1780, and, by certain constitutional defects, particularly weakness of eye-sight, was disqualified from the more robust bodily labour in which the situation of his parents made it desirable he should be employed.

At about nine years of age, he was instructed by his mother and his younger brother, to read the Bible in Welsh. He then attempted the acquisition of English, in which however he is far from a proficient. The reasons which he assigns for the difficulty of this language, is that the orthography is unfixed, and that the pronunciation changes every ten years. By the aid of a boy in the parish-school, he commenced Latin at fifteen; and, though unable to attend this school himself at the stated hours, he frequently made use of the books which he found in it, during the absence of the other boys, and thus added largely to his stock of information. About the same time he acquired a mode of writing, which though evidently self-taught, is particularly legible.

When nineteen he purchased a Greek grammar of a Welsh poet; and, in the following year, accident threw in his way an Epitome of Buxtorf's Hebrew Grammar.

Poor Richard's inaptitude to labour, and the total ignorance of the remainder of his family as to the object or the value of pursuits so widely differing from their own, brought down upon him, very frequently, anger, remonstrances, and blows. Having accompanied his father to Liverpool in the year 1804, he wandered into a bookseller's shop. Here the singularity of his appearance soon attracted notice, and by a casual bounty he was presented with a few books; amongst which were the *Analecta Græca Minora*, *Schurhardii Horologium Hebræum*, Virgil and Blair's *Grave*. The greater part of his library,

however, was unfortunately lost or damaged by the upsetting of his boat in his voyage home.

Fresh severities awaited his increase of learning; but it was not until his shoulders bore the marks of an iron poker, that he determined to quit his paternal hut. Having collected his few books, he took the road to Caernarvon, wholly unprovided with money. His burden, like *Æsop's*, grew lighter as his journey lengthened; for board and lodging could only be purchased by the disposal of part of his literary stock; so that when he arrived at Bangor, he possessed nothing but some fragments of a Latin and Greek, and a Welsh and Latin dictionary.

Bishop Cleaver was struck by his appearance; clothed him, encouraged him in his pursuits, employed him in his garden, and presented him with some useful books; among which were Schrevelius's *Lexicon*, and Robert Stephens's *Greek Testament*. After about two months he betook himself, without assigning any reason, to the Isle of Anglesey; where he remained about half a year under the roof of the Rev. John Williams, principally employing himself in the study of Greek. His departure hence also is involved in some mystery.

Some French refugees, whom he met in Anglesey, supplied him with a grammar: and by some farther assistance from them, he not only reads their language, but speaks it with a good accent. He has since acquired an equal knowledge of Italian.

From Treffos he repaired again to Liverpool: where his appearance is thus described.

"His person and dress at this time were extremely singular: to an immense shock of black hair he united a bushy beard of the same colour. His clothing consisted of several coarse and ragged vestments, the spaces between which were filled with books, surrounding him in successive layers, so that he was literally a walking library. These books all occupied their proper stations, being placed higher or lower, according as their sizes suited the conformation of his body; so that he was acquainted with the situation of each, and could bring it out, when wanted, without difficulty. When introduced into a room, he had not the least idea of any thing that surrounded him; and when he took his departure, he appeared to have forgotten the entrance. Absorbed in his studies, he had continually a book in his hand, to which he frequently referred, as if to communicate or receive information, and apparently under a conviction, that every person he met with was as much interested in such studies as himself.—His sight was imperfect, his voice sharp and dissonant; and, upon the whole, his appearance and manners grotesque in the highest degree; yet, under all these disadvantages, there was a gleam in his countenance which marked intelligence, and an unaffected simplicity in his behaviour, which conciliated regard." P. 13.

It was necessary however for his support, that he should be permanently employed; and as he professed to have been brought up a sawyer, he was engaged by a person in that trade. When put into the pit, he worked at first with extraordinary activity; but his efforts by degrees relaxed, till he fell breathless and exhausted at full length on his face, piteously calling for help. It seems that he had worked at the full extent of his arms' length, without being aware of the necessity of advancing his feet. When lifted up, he complained bitterly of his evil treatment, and of being put under ground. Upon farther inquiry, it was found that the only sawing to which he had been used, was that of the branches of timber fallen in the Welsh woods.

For the next six months he appears to have been comfortably posted, by some benevolent persons in Liverpool, in a situation in which he

could uninterruptedly pursue his studies. But his disposition was restless, and packing up his books, which were increased by Pagninus's *Thesaurus Linguae Sanctæ*, Erpenius's *Arabic Grammar*, and Bythner's *Lyra Prophetica*, he returned to Aberdaron. His father for a time "was not so fierce against him;" but when his little cash was exhausted, his former barbarous treatment was renewed, and he sought refuge once more in Liverpool. Here "his ambition," as he says, "brought upon him many troubles and offences, almost inextricable and innumerable:" and in the course of these, he was obliged to part with his Hebrew Bible. To replace this, and to obtain instruction in Chaldee and Syriac, he resolved upon a journey to London; and, accordingly in the summer of 1807, deposited his few remaining books in the folds of his dress, threw a small package over his shoulder, and with a long pole in his hand, round which was rolled a map of the roads, set off for the great city on foot.

But—*Quid Romæ faciat?* He could find no employment, nor obtain assistance "by any means whatever." So he made his way to Dover, perhaps with the intention of passing to the Continent. Fortune however threw him in the way of the superintendant of the Dock-yards; who allowed him breakfast, gave him a chest to keep his books in, and paid him 2s. 4d. a-day for sifting ashes, like a *He-Cinderella*. His earnings enabled him to engage the Rabbi Nathan, as his Hebrew Master; and he remained no less than three years in a state of happiness and tranquillity, during which he has recorded little more than the following dream, which is illustrated by a drawing.

"Before my continual disappointments and troubles in learning, I dreamed, and saw myself in my dream upon the plain near the river of Babylon, where I saw the harps of the captives of Israel hung upon the willows; and I saw the willows grown to an exceeding great height, and the harps were hung upon them in the night when being rainy weather." P. 18.

In 1810 he returned to London, and fell into the hands of the *Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews*. Considering the liberal protection which this sagacious and salutary institution has from time to time afforded to Judah Catarevus, Hyam Isaacs, John Myers, Lazarus Leon, Schlusselfburg, Josephson, Marinus, and the inimitable Joseph-Samuel-Christian-Frederick Frey, we are by no means surprised to hear that its kindness to a simple and unfortunate applicant, who possessed no recommendation but that of honesty and learning, was of short continuance. Mr. Lewis Way perhaps may tell the public why it was converted into "hostility and oppression;" inasmuch that Richard was "reduced to the utmost distress, and compelled to sell his books, to prevent his being starved to death." His beard, his want of personal cleanliness, and his broken English, would have formed admirable saint-traps for an anniversary meeting; but probably Richard had too much single-heartedness, to lend himself as a tool to folly and fanaticism.

The bounty of the *Welsh Bardic Society*, enabled him to return to Bangor, where he lived for six months with the Rev. Richard Davies; and, during that time, "copied for his patron all the Hebrew words in Littleton's Latin Dictionary, and corrected several of the *errata* in them, according to the Hebrew Lexicon of *Sanctes Pagninus*, abridged by *Raphelengius*." Soon after he was placed with a printer at Liverpool; but it was of no avail; he could learn nothing. In an

Irish lodging-house he was robbed of Martin's Chaldee Grammar, and several other books, and the remainder were thrown through the window into the street. We do not learn the offence which he gave his landlady; it might be asserting the antiquity of the Jews above the Milesians. One of his friends withdrew to London; "*consequently*" he says, the Hebrew words which he had copied from Littleton's Dictionary, were stolen from him. To complete his misfortunes, he was at length obliged to pawn *Schrevelius*, *Erpenius*, and his Hebrew Grammar.

Since this time he has passed a year or two at Baghillt, in the county of Flint, where in full accordance with his love of Hebrew lore, he learnt to blow a ram's horn, to the great annoyance of the neighbourhood; to this musical acquirement, he has since added a knowledge of the French horn, and his native harp.

Liverpool at present is his chief residence, where he may be seen at times, walking with a book under his arm, without money, or speaking to any one.

"If any gratuity be offered to him (for he never solicits it), he receives it with a degree of hesitation, generally using the words, "I am not worthy." To any ridicule to which his dress and appearance may give rise, he is totally insensible. At one time he chose to tie up his hair with a large piece of green ferret, which gave him the most ludicrous appearance possible. Some time since, one of his friends gave him a light-horseman's jacket, of blue and silver, which he immediately put on, and continued to wear, and which, contrasted with his hair and beard, gave him the appearance of a Jewish warrior, as represented in old prints, and consequently attracted after him a crowd of children. In his present appearance, he strongly resembles some of the Beggars of Rembrandt; and if he had lived in the time of that great artist, might have afforded a good subject for his immortal pencil; yet there is some expression of dignity in his countenance, which is well marked in the excellent portrait of him, given as a frontispiece, and which cannot be observed without a feeling of respect." P. 24.

He is particularly frugal in his habits, addicted to no vice, and temperate in his mode of living, drinking only water with the occasional indulgence of milk. His disposition is gentle, and his manners civil and respectful. To truth he is scrupulously adherent; and in return for kindness, or as a mark of good will, he frequently gives, or offers to give, not only his books, but even the MSS. which he has compiled with infinite labour.

But the most remarkable feature of his mind is, that it embraces the words of the language which he has acquired, more as being in themselves the ultimate objects of his study, than as keys to information: so that with a thorough comprehension of the grammatical construction of every sentence in any work which he has been reading, he is nearly ignorant of the facts which it contains.

"A distinguished member of the University of Oxford happening to call on one of Richard's friends, at a time when Richard himself happened to be near at hand, it occurred to his friend, that the literary curiosity of the learned visitor might be gratified by a short interview with a character of such a description. Richard was accordingly introduced; and, after the first surprise occasioned by his appearance had subsided, and some explanations had been given as to the nature of his acquirements, he was asked several questions, both in the French and Italian languages, to which he replied with that readiness and simplicity for which he is remarkable. He was then asked, whether he understood Latin and Greek; and having answered in the affirmative, was desired to read a passage in Homer. Richard accordingly thrust his hand into his bosom, and diving down to the residence of the great poet, dragged him from his depths, and offered him to the visitor to select a passage,

who, declining a more intimate acquaintance, desired Richard would open the book, and read such passage as might first occur to him. He accordingly began with some lines in the Iliad with great deliberation and accuracy, commenting on them as he proceeded, with many judicious critical remarks, which showed a thorough knowledge of the language, and surprised the gentleman to whom they were addressed. Being then requested to translate what he had read, he gave it in such English as he usually employs; slowly and cautiously, but with a sufficient accuracy to show that, as far as grammatical construction went, he perfectly understood the sense. The following dialogue then took place:

"Q. Very well, Richard; you have translated this passage very well. Pray have you read the Iliad?"

"A. Yes, I have."

"Q. And what do you think of the character of Andromache?"

"A. (After a pause) Andro—mache?"

"Q. Yes. What do you think of the character of Andromache?"

"A. (After another pause) It is a *fight of men*."

"Yes, yes; that is certainly the derivation of the name: but what do you think of Andromache, the wife of Hector?"

"A. I know nothing about that." P. 28.

Yet as to his method of study, he answers very rationally; as the following dialogue will prove.

"Q. As you seem to have made no little proficiency in languages, pray tell me what method you take in acquiring a language?"

"A. It is according to what the nature of the language is."

"Q. How would you set about acquiring a modern language?"

"A. If it was the Spanish, for instance, I would take a vocabulary of the language, and examine what words corresponded with or resembled the words in any other language, with which I was acquainted; as, for instance, the Latin, French, or Italian; and those words I would strike out of the vocabulary, leaving only such as were the original or peculiar words of the Spanish tongue; and then, by the assistance of a grammar, I should soon be able to attain a knowledge of that language." P. 31.

His compilations consist of a Hebrew Grammar, a Greek and English Lexicon, a Collection of Hebrew Extracts, followed by a Vocabulary in Hebrew and English, and a brief Latin treatise on the music and accents of the Jews, and a Lexicon in Hebrew, Greek and English, in which he has made considerable progress. This last was intended to include the Latin and Welsh; but the want of books hitherto has prevented him from interweaving them. We sincerely trust that the little publication, to which we have directed the attention of our readers, will assist in removing the poverty against which he has continued to struggle with such unbroken perseverance. His wants appear to be few; and both as a man of desert, and as a singular phenomenon in the history of the human mind, he has a claim upon the purses of those who have the ability and the inclination to give. The profits derived from his Memoir, are to be expended in securing him a provision; and the following highly respectable Committee, in Liverpool, has undertaken to receive subscriptions, and direct their application. Messrs. W. W. Currie, A. Lace, S. Parkes, W. Rathbone, W. S. Roscoe, H. Taylor, J. Ashton Yates. It will be no small satisfaction to us, if we shall in any way have contributed to the furtherance of their benevolent design.

" * Ἀνδρῶν μάχη."

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. late Surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon.

This work, from which, our readers will recollect, some extracts were given in our last, is on the eve of publication, but has not yet made its appearance. We will avail ourselves therefore of the copy in our possession to lay before our readers a further selection from its contents. The work purports to be a compilation of Napoleon's private observations during the first three years of his captivity at St. Helena, taken down upon the spot each day, immediately after the narrator parted from his company. It is a simple, unadorned narrative of the conversations of Napoleon, not spoiled or brought into suspicion by any attempt at finery,—it is the *Boswelliana* of Bonaparte, unalloyed by the (certainly amusing) egotism of the northern biographer. To the work is prefixed a fac-simile of Napoleon's manuscript of the following sentence, the original of which is in the author's possession.

"Je prie mes parens et amis de croire tout ce que le Docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement a la position ou je me trouve et aux sentimens que je conserve. S'il voie ma bonne Louise je la prie de permettre qu'il lui baise les mains.

" NAPOLEON.

" Le 25 Juillet, 1818."

This speaks clearly the high confidence which Napoleon placed in the person to whom it was given, and confirms the strong internal evidence which every page presents of its authenticity. In addition to this, there is the attestation of Mr. Holmes, the agent of Napoleon in this country, that he received the original manuscript from St. Helena long before the arrival of Mr. O'Meara in England, a proof that the compilation was no afterthought. We think Mr. O'Meara has only acted justly towards himself, and respectfully towards the public, in producing those vouchers for the credit which he demands from them: but the trouble was scarcely necessary; there are so many anecdotes which none but Napoleon could tell—so many phrases, which none but Napoleon could use—such *intensity* of diction, and varieties of singular and interesting disclosure, that it is difficult to refuse assent. The very nature of the work renders it necessarily most curious—there has not been a public event for the last thirty years—an actor of any distinction upon the political scene—a general of any fame—a minister of any eminence—a battle—a court—a treaty, or in short, an occurrence of any national interest whatever, which we have not Napoleon sketching for us in his own proper person, with all the rapidity and familiarity of conversation. The most minute details of his youth, his elevation, his prosperity, and his fall—the characters with whom he either combated or associated—the different members of his own family, their faults and their capabilities—the crimes of which he was accused with his own defences, the failures which he fell into, the achievements which he executed, and the plans which he had in prospect, are all developed with most interesting minuteness. One circumstance has struck us forcibly, as we have no doubt it will every one else on a perusal of this book, and

that is, the facility of intercourse which Napoleon admitted, and his extreme communicativeness upon every subject; to be sure, it is natural enough that a man like him, after the surprising activity of the life he led, might wish to relieve the rigours of his confinement by a recurrence to the scenes in which he was so distinguished, thus as it were stealing a balm for the present from the memory of the past; still we did not expect to meet with so entire an absence of reserve. It is time, however, to allow the reader to judge for himself by some out of the numberless entertaining anecdotes with which these volumes abound. We should perhaps mention that the book is written in the unassuming but natural form of a diary. The following are some of his opinions of the person to whom perhaps in the world he was most attached—the Empress Josephine.

“Had some conversation with him relative to the Empress Josephine, of whom he spoke in terms the most affectionate. His first acquaintance with that amiable being, commenced after the disarming of the sections in Paris, subsequently to the 13th of Vendemiaire, 1795. ‘A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me,’ continued he, ‘and entreated that his father’s sword (who had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*. The first impression was daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following.’ Vol. i. p. 180. And again—‘Josephine was subject to nervous attacks when in affliction. She was really an amiable woman—elegant, charming and affable. Era la dama la piu graziosa di Francia. She was the goddess of the toilet; all the fashions originated with her; every thing she put on appeared elegant; and she was so kind, so humane—she was the best woman in France.’ In another place he says of her,—‘Josephine died worth about eighteen millions of francs. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years. She had frequently little disputes with Denon and even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues and pictures for her own gallery instead of the Museum. Now I always acted to please the people; and whenever I obtained a fine statue or a valuable picture I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine was grace personified. Every thing she did was with a peculiar grace and delicacy. I never saw her act inclegantly during the whole time we lived together. She had grace even *en se couchant*. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time.’” Vol. ii. p. 101.

Of Marie Louise also he seems to have been very fond. The author relates that, he made him read to him three several times, out of the Observer Newspaper, an account of her having fallen off her horse into the Po and narrowly escaped drowning; an accident by which he appeared much affected. We have already seen that her own picture and that of her son decorated his mantle-piece; he had subsequently received from Europe a bust of young Napoleon, upon which he used to gaze at times with the most tender expression of affection. Napoleon seemed fully impressed with an opinion that his affection for Marie Louise was returned to the last; and if the story which he relates be true, it is indeed highly to her honour.

“‘I have,’ continued he, ‘been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to * * * her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both my-

self and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile."

Of his own family, and particularly of the females, he appears to have been fond of indulging the recollection.

"My excellent mother," said he, "is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud and high minded. She is capable of selling every thing even to her chemise for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and giving her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon the mother. She is very rich. Most of my family considered that I might die, that accidents might happen, and consequently took care to secure something. They have preserved a great part of their property." Of Joseph he thus speaks. "His virtues and talents are those of a private character; and for such nature intended him: he is too good to be a great man. He has no ambition. He is very like me in person, but handsomer. He is extremely well informed, but his learning is not that which is fitted for a king; nor is he capable of commanding an army." Vol. i. p. 232.

It is a curious fact, that Napoleon besought Mr. O'Meara to collect for him every book he could in which he was libelled, and read and commented on them continually, sometimes seriously refuting them, but much oftener in strains of ridicule. Occasionally some very awkward stories came out about the authors. We shall only extract one relating to Madame de Staël.

"Madame de Staël," said he, "was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the moment of drowning she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. At Geneva, she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me on purpose to ask payment of two millions, which her father Neckar had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him, and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in in spite of this order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said that he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Staël was not however contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money in order to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; that she *would be black and white for me*. Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, urging that in so critical a time she might be of considerable service. I answered, that I would make no bargains.

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'who at this moment is *la première femme du monde*?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'she who has borne the greatest number of children,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed." He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a *wicked* woman, but that she was a *restless intrigante*, possessed of considerable talent and influence." Vol. ii. p. 65—67.

Napoleon, however, did not content himself with merely retorting on the motives of his traducers. Wherever there appeared any colour

for the accusation he went at length into the real facts, stating what took place, and what he had to say in his vindication. Thus the three great accusations against him, the poisoning of the soldiers, the massacre of the Turks, and the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he minutely enters into. He states the circumstances which gave rise to the report of the first, which he asserts never happened at all, and adds that there is no person in England now more convinced of its falsehood than the person who gave it the greatest circulation here, Sir Robert Wilson. If this be the fact, Sir R. Wilson is called upon by every feeling which ought to actuate an honourable man to come forward manfully and confess his misinformation. The destruction of 1200 Turks he avows and justifies; appealing to every military man in Europe for his justification: but war, we are afraid, has little connexion with morality. Alluding to the death of the Duc D'Enghien, he was clearly implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau. We take at random one passage on this subject; which is, however, frequently discussed by Napoleon at much greater length. We must premise that he uniformly imputes the denouement to the persevering instigation of Talleyrand.

"'It was found out,' continued Napoleon, 'by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duc d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country I governed, in order to profit by my assassination? According to the laws of nature, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the republic, which he did not deny. When before the tribunal, he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg, he wrote a letter to me, in which he offered to discover every thing if pardon were granted to him, said that his family had lost their claims for a long time, and concluded by offering his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Count d'Artois been in his place, he would have suffered the same fate; and were I now placed under similar circumstances, I would act in a similar manner. As the police,' added Napoleon, 'did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehée de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey, a man in whose integrity they had every confidence, to Drake at Munich, with a letter from Mehée, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehée's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier consul*, no matter by what means.'"" Vol. i. p. 453, 454.

But we gladly turn from these topics to the sketches of character with which the book is filled. Nothing can be more amusing than some, or more intensely interesting than others. We question much whether they are not far better hit off in conversation as they appear, than if they had been the result of labour and deliberation. The

* While the Duc d'Enghien was on his trial, Madame la Maréchale Bessière said to Colonel Ordèner, who had arrested him, "Are there no possible means to save that *malheureux*? Has his guilt been established beyond a doubt?" "Madame," replied Colonel Ordèner, "I found in his house sacks of papers sufficient to compromise the half of France."—The duke was executed in the morning, and not by torch-light as has been represented.

character of Murat thus rapidly thrown off could not be improved by any polish:—

"I informed him that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. 'What does he say of me?' said Napoleon. I replied, that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade that he spoke ill of him. 'Oh,' said he, laughing, 'that is nothing; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?' I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. 'It is very probable,' replied Napoleon; 'I could not be every where; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois bataillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not I believe two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence he was as if he were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself he was an *imbécile* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lache*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. There he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *couvert de pennes jusqu'au clocher*, and glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a paladin, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *canaille*. Strange to say, however, Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a messenger to acquaint him with what I had done. Immediately he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees to prevent him; but in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Holland, and that he must make his peace, and not adhere to *demi-measures*. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians with his *canaille*, and ruined me. For at that time there was a negotiation going on between Austria and me, stipulating that the former should remain neuter, which would have been finally concluded, and I should have reigned undisturbed. But as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the emperor immediately conceived that he was acting by my directions, and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, 'Oh, the Emperor Napoleon is the same as ever. A man of iron. The trip to Elba has not changed him. Nothing will ever alter him: all or nothing for him.' Austria joined the coalition, and I was lost. Murat was unconscious that my conduct was regulated by circumstances and adapted to them. He was like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole is moved. He never however thought that his secession in the first instance would have been so injurious to me, or he would not have joined the allies. He concluded that I should be obliged to give up Italy and some other countries, but never contemplated my total ruin." Vol. ii. p. 94—97.

There are many sketches of Murat, but this is the best. It was Mr. O'Meara who communicated to Napoleon the intelligence of Murat's death. "He heard it," says he, "with calmness, and immediately demanded if he had perished on the field of battle." He afterwards remarked that the conduct of the Calabrese towards Murat was

mercy compared with the treatment which he was experiencing. The following are descriptions of some of his generals and ministers.

"Moreau," said he, "was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With a hundred thousand men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions, covering roads, and would not do more than if he had only thirty thousand. He did not know how to profit either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. Very calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to command in the heat of an action than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle. Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart; *Un bon vivant, mais il n'avait pas beaucoup de caractère.* He was led away by his wife and another intriguing Creole. His having joined Pichegru and Georges in the conspiracy, and subsequently having closed his life fighting against his country, will ever disgrace his memory. As a general, Moreau was infinitely inferior to Desaix, or to Kleber, or even to Soult. Of all the generals I ever had under me, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself and despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, *the just sultan*. He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked you on your landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been only a meal for them. Your army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry." (Vol. i. p. 237, 238.)

I asked his opinion of Clarke. He replied, "he is not a man of talent, but he is laborious and useful in the *bureau*. He is, moreover, incorruptible, and saving of the public money, which he never has appropriated to his own use. He is an excellent *redacteur*. He is not a soldier, however, nor do I believe that he ever saw a shot fired in his life. He is infatuated with his nobility. He pretends that he is descended from the ancient kings of Scotland, or Ireland, and constantly vaunts of his noble descent. A good clerk. I sent him to Florence as ambassador, where he employed himself in nothing but turning over the old musty records of the place, in search of proofs of the nobility of my family, for you must know that they came from Florence. He plagued me with letters upon this subject, which caused me to write to him to attend to the business for which he had been sent to Florence, and not to trouble his head or mine with his nonsense about nobility; that I was the first of my family. Notwithstanding this, he still continued his inquiries. When I returned from Elba, he offered his services to me, but I sent him word that I would not employ any traitors, and ordered him to his estates." I asked if he thought that Clarke would have served him faithfully. "Yes," replied the emperor, "as long as I was the strongest, like a great many others." (Vol. i. p. 400, 401.)

The following is his description of Carnot.

"A man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues and easily deceived. He had directed the operations of war, without having merited the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him, as he had neither the experience, nor the habitude of war. When minister of war, he showed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the minister of finance and the treasury; in all of which he was wrong. He left the ministry, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire, he never asked for any thing; but after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment, and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was

minister of the interior; and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, a man of truth and probity, and laborious in his exertions. After the abdication, he was named one of the provisional government, but he was *joué* by the intriguers by whom he was surrounded. He had passed for an original amongst his companions when he was young. He hated the nobles, and on that account had several quarrels with Robespierre, who latterly protected many of them. He was member of the committee of public safety along with Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and the other butchers, and was the only one who was not denounced. He afterwards demanded to be included in the denunciation, and to be tried for his conduct, as well as the others, which was refused; but his having made the demand to share the fate of the rest, gained him great credit." (Vol. i. p. 186—188.)

The characters of Fouché and Talleyrand are strongly and unfavourably drawn. The following anecdote, if not probable, is at least amusing.

"Madame Talleyrand was a very fine woman, English or East Indian, but *cotte* and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon, whose works I suppose you have read, to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. Now all the intriguers and speculators paid their court to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves in the course of his conversations with me, thinking that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'my dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the emperor.' His wife being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to think at first, but at length discovered by her questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wild-fire through the city, and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it." (Vol. i. p. 434—436.)

"At one time I had appointed Talleyrand," said he, "to proceed on a mission to Warsaw, in order to arrange and organize the best method of accomplishing the separation of Poland from Russia. He had several conferences with me respecting this mission, which was a great surprise to the ministers, as Talleyrand had no official character at the time. Having married one of his relations to the Duchess of Courland, Talleyrand was very anxious to receive the appointment, in order to revive the claims of the Duchess's family. However, some money transactions of his were discovered at Vienna, which convinced me that he was carrying on his old game and determined me not to employ him on the intended mission. I had designed at one time to have made him a cardinal, with which he refused to comply. Madame Grand threw herself twice upon her knees before me, in order to obtain permission to marry him, which I refused; but through the entreaties of Josephine, she succeeded on the second application. I afterwards forbade her the court, when I discovered the Genoa affair, of which I told you before. Latterly," continued he, "Talleyrand sunk into contempt." (Vol. i. p. 446, 447.)

The last character which we can afford to take out of these volumes, is that of his Majesty of Prussia.

"I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. 'Who,' said he, 'the king of Prussia?' He burst into a fit of laughter. 'He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *Un ignorantuccio che non ha nè talento, nè informazione.* A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes.'" (Vol. i. p. 102.)

"When," continued Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit, with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as

to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he, laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually tormented me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall, dry looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or a hussar uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most showy manœuvres possible, but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed." (Vol. ii. p. 48, 49.)

It is a curious fact, and one mortifying enough to human greatness, that Napoleon declared, that the happiest days he ever passed were when he was but a private man, "living in a lodging near Paris." Being asked by Mr. O'Meara, what was his happiest point of time after his accession to the throne, he instantly replied, "the march from Cannes to Paris." This, our readers will doubtless recollect, was after the expedition from Elba. He declares, that he had no idea of departing from Elba at first; and that, on the contrary, he would have contentedly remained there, had it not been for the numberless violations of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the allies; amongst the most prominent of which he enumerates the following. He says, it was stipulated that all the members of his family should be permitted to follow him, and that this was violated by the almost instant seizure of his wife and child; that they were to have had the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, of which they were deprived; that prince Eugene was to have had a principality in Italy, which was never given; that his mother and brothers were to receive pensions, which were withheld; that his own private property, and the savings which he had made on the civil list, were to be preserved to him, but that on the contrary they were seized; that the private property of his family was to be held sacred, but it was confiscated; that the donations assigned to the army, on the Mont Napoleon, were to be preserved, but they were suppressed; that 100,000 francs, which were to be paid as pensions, to persons pointed out by him, were never paid; and last, that assassins were sent to Elba to murder him.

It must by no means be understood, that Napoleon uttered sweeping and indiscriminate censures upon those Englishmen who were opposed to him; even in acknowledging a repulse at Acre from Sir Sidney Smith, he speaks of him in terms of commendation, and says, "he liked his character."—Of Lord Cornwallis his sentiments are quite enthusiastic.—Of Sir John Moore he said, that he was "a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent, and that the few mistakes he made were probably inseparable from the difficulties by which he was surrounded."—Mr. Fox, he said, was so great and so good a man, that every member of his family seemed to have taken a tinge from his virtues.—Speaking of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm he said—"his

countenance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man; I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine, soldier-like old man—*there is the face of an Englishman*—a countenance, pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, sincere.”—Of Sir George Cockburn also, who appears to have done his duty strictly, but like a gentleman, he spoke in terms of commendation.—On the subjects both of his elevation and his fall, he is extremely minute and interesting. Our readers may recollect two reports, which in this country certainly gained considerable currency; one, that Napoleon owed much of his rise to Barras; and the other, that he at one time in his early life offered his services to England. Both of these he declares to be “romans,” and says, he did not know Barras till long after the siege of Toulon, where he was chiefly indebted to Gasparin, the deputy for Orange, who protected him against the *ignorantacci*, sent down by the Convention; he goes on to say, that Paoli always anticipated his elevation, and when he was a boy used frequently to pat him on the head and say, *You are one of Plutarch's men*. On the subject of his fall, in answer to a question from Mr. O'Meara, whether he did not consider Baron Stein as mainly instrumental to it? he said immediately—“No—none but myself ever did me any harm; I was, I may say, the only enemy to myself; my own projects—that expedition to Moscow, and the accidents which happened there, were the causes of my fall. I may, however, say, that those who made no opposition to me, who readily agreed with me, entered into all my views, and submitted with facility, were my greatest enemies; because, by the facility of conquest they afforded, they encouraged me to go too far.” How happy would it be for the world if kings reflected upon this in time! In his exile, Napoleon seems to have solaced himself much with the idea that Marie Louise was still strongly attached to him, and he was repeatedly recurring to the mention of the King of Rome.

“I ventured, said Mr. O'Meara, upon another occasion, to express my surprise to Napoleon, that the Empress Marie Louise had not made some exertion in his behalf. ‘I believe,’ replied the Emperor, ‘that Marie Louise is just as much a state prisoner as I am myself, except that more attention is paid to decorum in the restraints imposed upon her. I have always had occasion to praise the conduct of my good Louise, and I believe that it is totally out of her power to assist me; moreover, she is young and timorous. It was, perhaps, a misfortune to me, that I had not married a sister of the Emperor Alexander, as proposed to me by Alexander himself, at Erfurth. But there were inconveniences in that union, arising from her religion. I did not like to allow a Russian priest to be the confessor of my wife, as I considered that he would have been a spy in the Thuilleries for Alexander. It has been said, that my union with Marie Louise was made a stipulation in the treaty of peace with Austria, which is not true. I should have spurned the idea. It was first proposed by the Emperor Francis himself, and by Metternich to Narbonne.’”

In presenting to the public these anticipations of a very interesting work, we have not felt ourselves called upon to exercise the office of a critic. Our object has been to give a general idea of the nature of the work, without engaging ourselves in political discussion.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, with an Account of his Life
By Robert Southey. Vol. iii. 8vo.—pp. 185. London, 1822.—
Longman & Co.

Though something in the way of *More last Words* of Richard Baxter, we doubt not but that this small volume will partake of the popularity of its precursors, and be widely read by the evangelical classes, to whose appetite it is addressed. Nor has the sympathy which hung like a dim halo round the dying head of this amiable youth, yet lost so much of its interest as to admit of aught of his being issued from the press without exciting a feeling more general in its behalf. The well written preface to the present publication will augment that feeling, and help these relics forward in the public estimation. In our own opinion the contents are hardly of sufficient weight for a separate volume; but we willingly in such a case surrender our critical judgment to the tastes of a multitude of readers with whom the productions of Kirke White are held in reverence, not merely as effusions of genius, but as emanations of an apostolic spirit, sublimed from earth to Heaven with a martyr's glory. The first third of the volume before us consists of letters, which display the writer in the light of a very virtuous young man; but they are too immature to require comment as literary performances. The next division is of early poems, and in some of these the amatory and warm occupy the places afterwards held by the religious and enthusiastic. We cite two as examples:

SONGS.

Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress
That lovely cheek divine;
Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press
That rising breast to mine.
Sweet Jessy, I with passion burn
Thy soft blue eyes to see;
Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn
Those melting eyes on me!
Yet Jessy, lovely as * * *
Thy form and face appear,
I'd perish ere I would consent
To buy them with a tear.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
My Arabella's breast that heaves on high;
Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,
And on the melting throne to faint, and die.
Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers
Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine;
Or the untwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
That clasp her waist in many an æery twine.
Oh, that my soul might take its lasting station
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip;
Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes' fascination!
Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.
But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever
Lament the doom by which I'm hither placed;
Must pant for moments I must meet with never,
And dream of beauties I must never taste.

The poems of a later date, which fill the next class, are curiously contrasted with these in matter; though it would not perhaps be difficult to trace a very intimate relationship between the glow of earthly loves and the fervour of divine hymns, which may be but different modifications of the same spirit. Be this as it may, we shall enable our readers by a quotation or two, to compare or contrast the theme for themselves:

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
This truth 's confest,—That man's worst foe is man.
The rav'ning tribes, that crowd the sultry zone,
Prey on all kinds and colours, but their own.
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,
Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.
But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,
Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs sublime,
Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,
Pleas'd with the last great effort of his will;
Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood;
His fellow leads where hidden pit-falls lie,
And drinks with ecstasy his dying sigh.

—
SONNETS.

Poor little one! most bitterly did pain,
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age;
And, quickly tir'd with this rough pilgrimage,
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life
Thou laidst thine aching head, and thou didst sigh
A little while, ere to its kindred sky
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife!
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner!
Thou had'st no mother to direct thy ways;
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,
Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,
And look'st, and smil'st on this world's transient woes.

To December.

Dark visaged visiter, who comest here
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat
(While glooms, and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)
The solemn requiem of the dying year,
Not undelightful to my listening ear
Sound thy dull show'rs, as, o'er my woodland seat,
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat:
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,
Sweeping the grove's long aisle, while sullen Time
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,
Joins the full-pealing dirge, and Winter weaves
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

—
An ode to Liberty is too direct an imitation to merit notice; and we are not inclined, by any thing which it offers, to discuss the fourth and last division of the book, which is devoted to prose compositions. These are essays on religious topics, most of them unfinished; and a fair estimate may be formed of the whole by one selection.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

We may with justice term this life a state of expectation. Though all human happiness be at best comparative only, it is made to consist more in anticipation than in actual enjoyment. The things we looked forward to with longing, become insipid in possession. Every new acquisition serves only to open new prospects, until the life of man languishes to its close, and the still unsatisfied eye turns to a state of future existence, and rests at length on objects exempt from human vicissitude. Sad as this representation may seem, it is yet the fairer side of the picture of our mortal affairs. There is something pleasing in the contemplation of successful exertion, however unsatisfactory its object, when attained; but even this source of pleasure is denied to a considerable portion of mankind, the numerous children of disappointment and misfortune, who only form schemes of happiness to see them frustrated, and build hopes but to lament over their untimely destruction.

The sanguine principle implanted in our bosoms by the wise Author of our being, is the joint source of our sweetest pleasures, and our most cruel woes. Disappointment treads swiftly on the heels of hope. We form projects, and see them blasted. Again from the ashes of the former arises some new pursuit, which is again destroyed, and again renewed, in a perpetual series of annihilation, and reproduction, until the mind, like the long-used bow, loses its elasticity, and the eyes are at length opened when their late acquired clearness can no longer avail.

If the position be true, that our happiness consists rather in anticipation than in enjoyment, it is also true, that, with regard to earthly bliss, the man of obtuse faculties and sluggish disposition has infinitely the advantage of the man of talents and exalted understanding. The one sounds his plans in mediocrity and moderation; he follows his aim tardily, but with certainty. His probation is fortunately for him extended, and it is free alike from the anxiety of uncertainty, and the apprehension of danger. But the other grasps at worlds. He would wield the thunders of Jehovah, and direct the fate of the Universe; he aims at improbabilities, and he expends all his strength on a stroke; his expectations grow with his failures, until at length the bubble is dispelled, and he looks on the past as the uneasy tracings of a feverish dream.

Here, then, are the tables turned upon wisdom. The very philosopher, who surveys, as from an eminence, the deluded crowds who are pursuing the rainbow of promise beneath him, falls into the very folly he affects to pity, and while he shakes his head at the vagaries of his poor fellow sojourners, turns to contemplate with flattering delight some visionary fabric of his own, ten thousand times more unsubstantial, as it is infinitely more refined.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

WITS OUT OF PLACE.

This branch of my theory is purely speculative, for it must be confessed, that I never found any wits out of place thoroughly consoled; yet it seems to me, that in their circumstances, as in many others,

some comfort may be found by remembering how many great men have wanted it. There is no use in looking back to the histories, which vex schoolboys; though they abound in instructive examples of clever men, who had every thing but good luck—or in other words, good sense, which is most useful in securing the owner's proper place. One might reckon, since the date of the modern world, at least twenty-five great poets and scholars, who have been lamentably out of place; though wicked jesters say, Tasso in a mad-house, and Cervantes in gaol, were only in the common places of wits. But modern wits choose to be comforted by the examples of gay and fashionable fops like themselves, who have lived in the sunshine of a court, and in the *parterre* of high life; for the inner circle of the politest society may be called, in more significations than one, the *parterre* or pit of the theatre. We have the Buckinghams, the Wilmots, and the Chesterfields of our own land, to show how wit goes out of employ and fashion, even in its owner's life-time. Poor Villiers "in the worst inn's worst room" confessed his brilliant humours had been miserably out of place; and the most joyous of all facetious favourites, Lord Rochester, died wofully repenting his best jests. Lord Lyttleton tried some pleasant jokes to very little purpose in his last hour; and Chesterfield, the prince of polished wits, was so tired of himself, that he even forgot his most valued part, his exquisite politeness, and said to a lady of quality, "I am growing no better than an old gossip." "I thought, my lord," she replied, "you were growing a much worse thing—an old fashioned wit."

We can hardly turn over the leaves of any memoirs of present or past times, without meeting such comical and frequent instances of great wits out of employ or out of season; that all lesser wits may be well consoled, especially if domestic misplacing be taken into account. For Hugo Grotius, who was in the good ancient acceptation of the word, a wit of the first order, that is, a man of most rare and subtle intellect, was considered at court "a simple smattering fellow, full of word;" and there are some strange stories abroad of his wife's hiding his last papers in a barrel. Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh showed their wit in a place, which nobody would desire to equal them in, except scaffolds should become fashionable. And Sir Thomas More's joke on his wife's babblement is a strong proof, that his wit was often needed at home to parry her silliness. The wits of Oliver Cromwell's time were generally royalists, and consequently out of place; and in King Charles's they were found among night brawlers and bacchanals, therefore out of place and worse. Queen Ann's tribe had all the advantages of good company and public favour, yet every one thought himself ill used; and both Pope and Swift seemed to have written letters for no purpose but to tell, how much they wished themselves in better places. Addison held a paltry office, and was held by a termagant wife; Sir Richard Steele by his creditors; and Gay by a handsome duchess, who could not spell. There is scarcely a French wit left on our shelves, who was not in his life-time ill employed or out of humour, or both. Rousseau was a thing made of bristles, which pricked and scratched all about him; but when his arguments were pulled out one by one, they were no stronger than single horse hairs, though formidable and fine in a cluster, like a hussar helmet. Voltaire was as lean and mischievous as

his own pet-eagle; and so conscious of the resemblance, that he threw his valet down stairs for hinting it. How far their successors are well-placed, in their own histories of court intrigues and courtezans, will be known by posterity, if their histories ever reach it.

It is some secondary comfort for the wits of our times, who have traded too long in the small wares of scandal and bagatelle, or lost a patron by an unlucky joke, to remember similar cases and illustrious precedents in more important matters. Our wittiest prime minister lost his influence by saying, "Vain men are the best spies, for they need no wages but flattery; besides, people talk before foolish hearers, forgetting that parrots, children, and fools can repeat." They who compared papacy to a shuttlecock kept up between two parties, and puritanism to a blast of wind between two doors, making a noise between both, found the shuttlecock and the blast of wind too strong for them. Perhaps Bishop Latimer's fate was as much provoked by the wit of his sermons, as by the firmness of his heresy; and the Catholic prelates of those days would have allowed him to serve Satan, as they said, if he had not made him one of themselves.

"Now I would ask a strange question, which is the most diligent bishop in all England? Methinks I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him—I will tell you, it is Satan! he is the most skilful preacher of all other—he is never out of his diocese—never out of his cure—he is ever in his parish,—he keepeth watch at all times. Ye shall never find him out of the way—call when ye will, he is ever at home. But some will say to me, 'What, sir, are ye so privy of his counsel that ye know all this to be true?' Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much; but I know by St. Paul, who saith of him, *circuit*, he goeth about in every corner of his diocese—*sicut leo*, that is, strongly, boldly, and proudly—*rugiens*, roaring, for he letteth no occasion slip to speak or roar out—*quærens*, seeking, and not sleeping, as our bishops do. So that he shall go for my money, for he minds his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, if ye will not learn of good men, for shame learn of!"*

Merry King Charles gave his subjects an unlucky hint how to treat his papist brother, by saying, "I am weary of travelling, but when James comes to the throne, I fancy he will be desired to travel again." And his kingdom of Ireland probably forgave all his heavy impositions on Catholics sooner than his idle joke—"This Ireland may be a good bird's egg, but we have sat on it a long time for nothing."—As merrily and as unseasonably his favourite wrote on his door,

"Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

Every body remembers how the merriest and best king of France gave great offence, when a provincial magistrate and his brethren made him a complimentary speech, while two or three asses began to bray—"Gentlemen," said Henry, "one at a time, if you please."† When

† Preached in St. Paul's, January 17th, 1548.

* A certain Chief Justice applied this joke to the late Counsellor Curran, who revenged himself, by saying, when an Ass brayed during the Chief Justice's charge, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable *echo* in the Court?"

our first George came to the throne, Sheridan's wit did not preserve him from the hideous mistake of choosing a wrong text, when employed to preach before the Lord Lieutenant in Dublin. Through mere absence of mind he chose these words for a sermon on the anniversary of the Hanoverian succession—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,"—and Swift's tirades, against human nature in general, made him fewer enemies than the text of his sermon before the Merchant Tailors—"A remnant shall be saved."

We have seen, near our own times, a comical instance of misplaced wit in the pulpit on an occasion, which might have produced the preacher more substantial benefit than the notoriety gained by his text: when the younger William Pitt made his first appearance at Cambridge as Premier—"There is a young lad with two loaves and five small fishes, but what are they among so many?" It would be hard to recollect any joke more out of place, or likely to prevent the maker from being in one; except that of a poor chaplain, who was asked to write a sermon in verse, on the text chosen by his patroness—"There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour:"—

"There was silence in heaven half an hour and no more—
Some ladies, perhaps, waited outside the door;
They were not let in as may plainly be seen,
Else half an hour's silence there would not have been."

We hear seldomer of misplaced wit on the bench or at the bar; yet one cannot forget the rash truth, which looked very like it in a felon tried by Lord Chief Justice Holt—"What has become of your comrades in iniquity, prisoner?" asked the judge—"My lord, they are all hanged except your lordship and I."

When we have studied sufficiently what kind of wit is out of place, it is a consolation to see how the wits themselves have behaved when out of favour, or not in a suitable situation. Very few have shown the wisdom of patience in obscurity, but many of their sprightliest sayings have arisen from awkward mischances, which ought to console us when we meet with any. Marshal Turenne's short speech, when mistaken for his servant, will be remembered longer than his victories; and Lord Peterborough's ready reply to a furious mob, who loaded him with abuse, is the only piece of good-natured wit recorded of him—"Gentlemen you mistake me for the Duke of Marlborough—to convince you I am not he, I have only five guineas in my pocket, and they are at your service." When the Earl of Bottetourt saw some vagrants preparing to burn him in effigy, and very well disposed to add his own person to the bonfire, he threw a handful of gold amongst them, and requested to be burned like a gentleman, with plenty of wood. "Pray," said the Marquis de Chatelet, when he saw the King looked coldly at him after his release from the Bastille, "tell his Majesty I have forgiven him, and he may venture to look at me"—a stroke of clever assurance which restored him to favour. No less well-timed was some witty Abbé's speech to the Prince of Conde, whose back was turned on him. "Your highness makes me proud, by this proof of friendship, for your back is never shown to your enemies." Lord Bolingbroke's letters prove, a witty statesman may keep his wit and good humour when banished to his farm; and Lord North, always facetious, was never more so, than after his administration had died, as he used to say, by an apoplectic stroke. Even great commanders, to whom peace

and retirement are heavy grievances, have found leisure to be witty when their occupation was gone. Marshal Kutusoff, the Russian Marlborough, has left us this billet as a choice morceau of an old soldier's gaiety, when his last campaign was over: "To-day my love," he writes to his wife, "I have thought a great deal of Buonaparte, and this thought strikes me; fortune nursed him like a child in leading-strings, but seeing his ingratitude and deformity, she looked at me and said, 'here is an old man who has always adored our sex, and still loves to be conducted by a woman's hand—I will lend him mine at least for a few months, and then lead him back to his fire-side.'"

But the highest consolation to wits out of place will be the example of Buonaparte himself, who is said to have been witty always, but most witty on the rock of St. Helena. If the bon-mots ascribed to him prove genuine, they ought to be recorded on that solitary stone near Paris, whereon he sat by lantern-light, when Marshal Ney announced his dethronement: or on that huge column in the Gallery of Simplon, from whence it was to have been removed as a trophy, but where it still remains without an inscription; a most appropriate symbol of his fate.

The third and last branch of my system of consolation, is how to get into place again. For this, as every body knows, there are many hopeful and easy ways, and perhaps the easiest is the best. I mean, as nothing is less difficult than to play with reputations, devise caricatures, and lampoon public affairs, nothing is more likely to discompose the opposite party; for a skein of thread perplexes a crocodile's teeth more than a cable. And as caricaturers and lampooners seldom own any motive but gain, they often receive the only thing they respect. Chatterton, whose forgeries showed more knavery than folly, gave also a tolerable proof of worldly wit in the calculation found after his decease in his memorandum book.

	£	s.	d.
Lost by an Essay on Alderman Beckford's Patriotism	1	11	6
Gained by an Elegy on his Death	2	2	0
By two Odes	3	3	0
Am glad he is dead by	3	8	6

The fame, the force, and the success of Junius's Letters, show what wit can do; and if, as some suspected, and as Lord George Sackville's aid-de-camp asserted to an eminent American, *Lord George himself was the formidable Junius*, the state secretaryship given to him may explain the cessation of those letters; and the vehement bitterness of sarcasm, poured forth against the Duke of Brunswick, may be found to prove how much fearless wit may lurk under seeming cowardice.

There are a few witty men who have been known, when fortune obstinately threw them out of a place, to redeem themselves by courageous industry, and gain a longer though a later fame. For, after all, men take more pleasure in wit that resembles the bee rather than the wasp; and offering bribes to satirists is only spreading a net for vipers, that sting alike both the finder and feeder. Therefore the good divine, who printed his own eighteen folios of sermons with his own hands; and Robert Walker, the curate of Scathwarte,* who saved two thousand pounds and portioned eight children from the fruits of his spin-

* He died in 1802, after ministering 67 years.—See Wordsworth's Memoir.

ning and teaching, and from a glebe worth £17 a year, had more policy and wit in gaining friends and independence, than the keen knaves who are employed in the state, as rats are kept stirring in a bag lest they should eat holes in it.

However, neither of these two primitive pastors had wit of the fashionable kind, and there is no saying what they would have done if they had possessed it; as Dr. South merrily hinted to Bishop Sherlock, when he reproached him with unseasonable jokes—"What would your Lordship have done, if it had pleased Heaven to have made you witty?" And if wits do not always prosper, they may console themselves by saying, as the bold churchman said to King James, "Whose fault is that?" or if all other ways of consoling fail, they may try the syrup of Borage and Scolopendra, Diazinziber, Diacapers, and Diacinnamonum; prescribed by another witty divine among a thousand medicines for melancholy, gathered by him from Professors Hearnius, Menadous, Busbequius and Johannes de Stuckius. Last and best they may learn from him these rules, to keep their wit always in its place. "Know thyself!—Be contented,—Trust not wealth, beauty, nor parasites,—Hear much, speak little,—Have peace with all men,—Be temperate in three things, *linguâ, oculis et poculis*. If thou seest aught amiss in another, mend it in thyself,—Keep thine own secrets, and reveal no other man's,—Be silent in thy intentions, cautious in thy jests,—Set thine own house in order, take heed of suretyship,—Be humble to thy superiors, respectful to thy equals, affable to all, familiar with none,—Keep thy word, and speak truth,—Lay no wagers, make no comparisons,—Find no faults, meddle not with other men's matters,—Admire not thyself,—Be not proud and popular,—Fear not that which cannot be avoided, grieve not for that which cannot be recalled,—Undervalue not thyself, accuse no man, commend no man, rashly,—Go not to law without a great cause, and strive not with the greater man,—Cast not off an old friend, take heed of a reconciled enemy,—If thou comest as a guest, stay not too long,—Do good to all,—Admonish thy friend in secret, commend him in public,—Provide for a tempest,—Make not a fool of thyself to make others merry,—Seem not greater than thou art,—Love others, to be beloved thyself,—Go as thou wouldst be met, sit as thou wouldst be found,—Think no place without a witness,—Keep thyself upright, thou needest no other keeper." V.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DANCING SNAKES OF INDIA.

In every country there exists a class of men who found their means of existence upon the credulity and curiosity of others, but in no part of the world is this class so numerous as in India. Scarcely has a stranger disembarked on that shore, when a crowd of jugglers, dancers, leapers, and others, surround him, and solicit the honour of contributing to his amusement, for the trifling consideration of a fanon, or about six-pence.

Amongst this crowd of people, who live by their wits, those who astonish, and at the same time terrify, the European the most, are the men who make the snakes dance; and this astonishment and terror is more increased, upon learning that the snake which serves for this

spectacle is the second on the list of those which are the most venomous: the bite of it is followed by certain death, after an interval of generally not more than fifteen or seventeen minutes. On the Coromandel coast this sort of snake is very abundant, and there, as well as throughout India, is called a *cobra capello*, or hooded snake: its ordinary length is from three to four feet, and the prevailing colour of these reptiles is yellow, spotted with black; its form resembles that of other oriental snakes, with the exception of a pouch, which runs from the back of the head two or three inches down the back. This pocket is but little visible when the reptile creeps, or is in a state of tranquillity; but, as soon as it is moved by anger or by pleasure, this becomes inflated, and stretches on each side the head of the animal: it then presents a flat surface, on which a pair of black spectacles are stretched upon a dirty yellow ground. The head of the creature appears to issue horizontally from the upper part of this pouch. The quality which distinguishes this snake from all the other species, is its excessive fondness for music; and this passion, if such a term may be used, is stronger in it than even in the white snake: this is so incontestable, that when the place of his retreat is known, he is invariably caught by these means. The Indians, who gain a livelihood by exhibiting, are also those who take them; and, as the method which they employ for doing it is not generally known, the following scene, which took place at the house of the governor of Pondicherry, may be considered as interesting. During dinner a servant came to inform the family, that a large cobra capello had been seen entering the cellar: orders were given that a snake-catcher should be sent for, and every one repaired to the cellar when he arrived. After having examined the place, to be certain where the reptile was concealed, the Malabar squatted down upon his heels, and began to play upon an instrument, which in shape resembled a flageolet, but had something of the sharp sound of a bagpipe. Scarcely had a minute elapsed when a cobra capello, about three feet in length, crept from under a mat, and placed himself at a short distance from the man, raising and giving a sort of vibratory motion to the upper part of his body, and extending his pouch,—an evident sign of the pleasure which the animal felt.

When all present had sufficiently witnessed this proceeding, a sign was made to the Malabar, who, seizing the animal by the end of the tail, took him up with rapidity, and placed him in an empty basket. Before admitting him into the troop of dancers,—for one of them, he, as well as most of the cobra capellos that are taken, was destined to become,—it was necessary to deprive him of the means of being mischievous. To do this, he was placed at liberty upon the ground, he was then provoked by being struck with a piece of red cloth, fastened at the end of a stick, until at last he sprang furiously upon the cloth, which was then shaken with so much violence that his teeth were at length pulled out. He was then taken again by the tail, and placed in the basket.

The baskets in which the snakes are kept, and of which the Indians generally carry six, are flat and round; and fastened like scales at each end of a piece of bamboo, which rests upon the shoulders of the bearer. When the person who keeps the reptiles exhibits them in public, he commences by ranging the baskets before him in a semicircle, and makes the snakes come out in succession. At the sound of the in-

strument the animal becomes erect, resting with about one-third of his body upon the ground; his pouch is extended, and he keeps up a balancing motion, the original impulse to which was given by the knee of the person who plays the instrument. Before concluding the exhibition, it is customary to make the snake caress this instrument, which is done by keeping up the sound, and advancing the pipe towards the animal, who on his side rests his head upon a calabash, through which this pipe is passed. After this ceremony, the snakes are put into their baskets, and carried away. A hard-boiled egg is the nourishment which they daily receive.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

On the best Method of Warming and Ventilating Houses and other Buildings. By Mr. CHARLES SYLVESTER.

The action of the sun's rays on the surface of the earth, and the consequent accumulation of sensible heat, is a most instructive lesson, for the best mode of applying artificial heat for warming buildings; and our best ideas of ventilation are derived from those mechanical changes in the atmosphere occasioned by the rarefaction of the air, from the heat it acquires in contact with the earth's surface. If the earth were perfectly transparent, or had a surface capable of perfect reflection, it would not be at all heated by the sun's rays; and our atmosphere, supposing it to exist under such circumstances, would be destitute of those changes which are daily evinced in an infinite variety of currents. If the substance of the earth were a much better conductor of heat, we should experience less extremes of heat and cold upon its surface. The summer-heat would be more rapidly absorbed by the earth, and the rigour of winter would be much diminished by the heat derived from the earth in the sun's absence. The nature of soils, as regards their conducting power, has doubtless a great influence in limiting the extremes of temperature in winter and summer. The heat produced on any part of the earth's surface, will be the greatest where the rays of the sun are vertical, and the surface of such a nature as to receive the rays with the greatest facility, its substratum being, at the same time, the worst conductor of heat. The air immediately in contact with this surface becomes heated, and specifically lighter than its superstratum. This causes, in the first instance, two simultaneous currents: one perpendicularly upwards, and the other, a lateral one from all the surrounding parts towards the centre of the heated surface. After the ascending current has attained a certain altitude, it progressively assumes an oblique and ultimately a lateral direction, but in an inverse order to that of the lower stratum. By this beautiful provision of natural economy, the heated air of the torrid zone, and the chilling currents from the polar regions mutually contribute to the prevention of those extremes of heat and cold, which would otherwise be fatal to every class of animated beings.

To form some idea of the effect which would result from a vertical sun upon a good reflecting surface, such as a black soil, unattended by the currents of air above alluded to, we have only to observe the

heat generated in hot-houses; in which case the heated air is to a certain degree prevented from ascending, and consequently the lateral current from coming in. The heat produced by these means, therefore, will be greater in proportion to the blackness and lightness of the soil, to the tightness of the surrounding walls and windows, and the perpendicularity of the sun's rays. Hence we see the importance of our atmosphere independently of its agency in respiration. Without it, bodies would receive their heat on those parts only which are exposed to the direct rays, and would become unequally heated in the inverse ratio of their conducting power.

When bodies are immersed in a heated medium, such as in air or water, they receive their heat on every side; and it has been found by experience, that this mode of applying heat is of particular importance in the economy of animals and vegetables.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the common mode of warming ordinary rooms by open grates. To put an extreme case of this mode of warming, we have only to instance the effect of making a fire in the open air. In this instance, there is free access for the ascent of the rarefied current, and the lateral current rushing towards the fire is felt on every side, supposing no natural breeze prevailed. The effect of this cold current is so conspicuous on the human body, that few unaccustomed to such exposure would escape some variety of those affections called colds.

Our common dwellings approach this extreme case in proportion to the size of the fire, the width of the chimney, and the access of cold air by the doors and windows. In every case, as much cold air must be admitted as will effect the combustion of the fuel, and supply the demands of respiration. The air which would be barely sufficient for these purposes, coming immediately from a cold atmosphere into rooms with grates even of the best construction, will ever be a barrier to that comfort which we ought to experience, and which by the aid of other means can be easily attained.

Notwithstanding the absolute necessity of admitting a certain portion of fresh air into every room, it is a common practice with builders to make doors and windows so tight as frequently to be the sole cause of a smoky chimney. To obviate this evil, some have let in a certain quantity of atmospheric air under or near to the fire grate. By this expedient, those sitting around the fire are not annoyed by the cold current, but an inconvenience arises from this contrivance, which more than counterbalances its benefits. The air entering the room so near the fire immediately supplies the current up the chimney without changing the air of the room. A crowded room, and the presence of a number of lights, would, under such an arrangement, soon render the air unfit to breathe. Hence will appear the necessity for two currents into a room. The inlet for fresh air should be in a situation not liable to annoy those sitting in the room; the outlet is generally provided for in the chimney, which is commonly sufficient for rooms of ordinary size, but is mostly too small for large public rooms.

It will be evident from what has been observed, that in order to render rooms comfortable and wholesome, two objects are required. The one, is to keep up an uniform and agreeable temperature; the other to provide for a change of the air sufficient to preserve that de-

gree of purity essential to health, and which persons under certain pulmonary affections can so nicely appreciate.

It is evident that the former of these objects can never be attained by radiant heat; and yet, an open fire, which scarcely affords any other than radiant heat, is so connected with our domestic habits that it will be very long before the open grate will be entirely set aside. Under these circumstances, it has been found most expedient to use the combined effect of radiant heat with a constant supply of fresh air, raised to an agreeable temperature in the winter; and which, in certain cases may be cooled during the excessive heat of summer.

Great difficulties have been experienced in most of the means hitherto employed for warming air. In the first place, from what has been previously observed concerning the action of the solar rays on the earth, the air cannot be warmed by radiant heat passing through it; therefore we can only give heat to a transparent fluid by bringing its particles in contact with a heated surface, and, in proportion as elastic fluids are more expansible, they are heated with more difficulty.

There are a number of properties which a body should possess, to afford a surface proper for heating air intended to warm and ventilate rooms. For the sake of economy, it should be a good conductor of heat, in order that the radiant heat which it receives on one surface may be safely transmitted to the other. The surface to be heated should be clean, that is, free from any foreign matter, but not polished; and when the temperature can be limited, it should never, under any circumstances be allowed to exceed 300° . Metals appear to be the best substances for heating air. The temperature is limited to 300° because the animal and vegetable matter, which is found mechanically mixed with the air at all times, will be decomposed if the temperature be raised a little higher. When this decomposition takes place, as is very observable when the heated surface is red hot, certain elastic fluids and vapours are produced, which give to the air a peculiar odour, and a deleterious quality which never fails to affect the health of those who inhale it for a length of time. This oppressive sensation has been mostly felt in churches and other places where large iron stoves are used and are sometimes heated to redness. The peculiar odour accompanying it has been erroneously attributed to the iron; and on this account, earthen ware or stone has been employed to form the exterior surface of the stove. It will, however, be found that whatever be the material, if the temperature at all approaches a red heat, the same smell will be perceived; as it arises entirely from the decomposition of the matter which is in the air, and not from the heating body. This matter is very visible to the naked eye, in a sun-beam let into a dark room.

When earthen ware or stone has been employed for stoves, its inferior conducting power has seldom allowed the exterior surface to get sufficiently hot, to produce the effect on the air above alluded to. And hence it has been less objectionable as affecting the purity of the air.

It must however be admitted, that if the body used for heating the air, does not undergo any change, a metal from its being a good conductor must be preferred to any other substance. Silver or platina, if it were not for the expense, would set aside every prejudice. But

heat generated in hot-houses; in which case the heated air is to a certain degree prevented from ascending, and consequently the lateral current from coming in. The heat produced by these means, therefore, will be greater in proportion to the blackness and lightness of the soil, to the tightness of the surrounding walls and windows, and the perpendicularity of the sun's rays. Hence we see the importance of our atmosphere independently of its agency in respiration. Without it, bodies would receive their heat on those parts only which are exposed to the direct rays, and would become unequally heated in the inverse ratio of their conducting power.

When bodies are immersed in a heated medium, such as in air or water, they receive their heat on every side; and it has been found by experience, that this mode of applying heat is of particular importance in the economy of animals and vegetables.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the common mode of warming ordinary rooms by open grates. To put an extreme case of this mode of warming, we have only to instance the effect of making a fire in the open air. In this instance, there is free access for the ascent of the rarefied current, and the lateral current rushing towards the fire is felt on every side, supposing no natural breeze prevailed. The effect of this cold current is so conspicuous on the human body, that few unaccustomed to such exposure would escape some variety of those affections called colds.

Our common dwellings approach this extreme case in proportion to the size of the fire, the width of the chimney, and the access of cold air by the doors and windows. In every case, as much cold air must be admitted as will effect the combustion of the fuel, and supply the demands of respiration. The air which would be barely sufficient for these purposes, coming immediately from a cold atmosphere into rooms with grates even of the best construction, will ever be a barrier to that comfort which we ought to experience, and which by the aid of other means can be easily attained.

Notwithstanding the absolute necessity of admitting a certain portion of fresh air into every room, it is a common practice with builders to make doors and windows so tight as frequently to be the sole cause of a smoky chimney. To obviate this evil, some have let in a certain quantity of atmospheric air under or near to the fire grate. By this expedient, those sitting around the fire are not annoyed by the cold current, but an inconvenience arises from this contrivance, which more than counterbalances its benefits. The air entering the room so near the fire immediately supplies the current up the chimney without changing the air of the room. A crowded room, and the presence of a number of lights, would, under such an arrangement, soon render the air unfit to breathe. Hence will appear the necessity for two currents into a room. The inlet for fresh air should be in a situation not liable to annoy those sitting in the room; the outlet is generally provided for in the chimney, which is commonly sufficient for rooms of ordinary size, but is mostly too small for large public rooms.

It will be evident from what has been observed, that in order to render rooms comfortable and wholesome, two objects are required. The one, is to keep up an uniform and agreeable temperature; the other to provide for a change of the air sufficient to preserve that de-

gree of purity essential to health, and which persons under certain pulmonary affections can so nicely appreciate.

It is evident that the former of these objects can never be attained by radiant heat; and yet, an open fire, which scarcely affords any other than radiant heat, is so connected with our domestic habits that it will be very long before the open grate will be entirely set aside. Under these circumstances, it has been found most expedient to use the combined effect of radiant heat with a constant supply of fresh air, raised to an agreeable temperature in the winter; and which, in certain cases may be cooled during the excessive heat of summer.

Great difficulties have been experienced in most of the means hitherto employed for warming air. In the first place, from what has been previously observed concerning the action of the solar rays on the earth, the air cannot be warmed by radiant heat passing through it; therefore we can only give heat to a transparent fluid by bringing its particles in contact with a heated surface, and, in proportion as elastic fluids are more expansible, they are heated with more difficulty.

There are a number of properties which a body should possess, to afford a surface proper for heating air intended to warm and ventilate rooms. For the sake of economy, it should be a good conductor of heat, in order that the radiant heat which it receives on one surface may be safely transmitted to the other. The surface to be heated should be clean, that is, free from any foreign matter, but not polished; and when the temperature can be limited, it should never, under any circumstances be allowed to exceed 300° . Metals appear to be the best substances for heating air. The temperature is limited to 300° because the animal and vegetable matter, which is found mechanically mixed with the air at all times, will be decomposed if the temperature be raised a little higher. When this decomposition takes place, as is very observable when the heated surface is red hot, certain elastic fluids and vapours are produced, which give to the air a peculiar odour, and a deleterious quality which never fails to affect the health of those who inhale it for a length of time. This oppressive sensation has been mostly felt in churches and other places where large iron stoves are used and are sometimes heated to redness. The peculiar odour accompanying it has been erroneously attributed to the iron; and on this account, earthen ware or stone has been employed to form the exterior surface of the stove. It will, however, be found that whatever be the material, if the temperature at all approaches a red heat, the same smell will be perceived; as it arises entirely from the decomposition of the matter which is in the air, and not from the heating body. This matter is very visible to the naked eye, in a sun-beam let into a dark room.

When earthen ware or stone has been employed for stoves, its inferior conducting power has seldom allowed the exterior surface to get sufficiently hot, to produce the effect on the air above alluded to. And hence it has been less objectionable as affecting the purity of the air.

It must however be admitted, that if the body used for heating the air, does not undergo any change, a metal from its being a good conductor must be preferred to any other substance. Silver or platina, if it were not for the expense, would set aside every prejudice. But

long experience has shown that iron possesses every essential property. The slightly oxydated surface which is common to all iron coming from the forge or the mould in casting, is well fitted for receiving radiant heat. And if its temperature be kept below a red heat, there does not appear to be any limit to its durability. The latter point, therefore, is put out of all doubt, since it is essential, that the iron shall not be heated to a degree capable of decomposing animal and vegetable matter, in order to preserve the purity of the air which is warmed in contact with its surface.

With a view to insure the above objects, it will be necessary to dispose of the heat as it is produced from the combustion of the fuel, in such a way, that an extensive surface of iron shall be heated uniformly without the risk of attaining a much higher temperature than 300° . This can be accomplished by making the fire of a size proportionate to the interior surface of an iron vessel, and it is found that radiant heat is much more efficacious than the heat produced by flame and conducting flues. Having heated the interior surface of an iron vessel it may be conceived that the exterior surface will quickly attain the same degree, and that whatever heat may be carried off from the exterior will be as quickly given from the interior, and instantly replaced by the radiant fire.

The next material object is the means of disposing of the heat from the exterior surface. If it be surrounded by an open space, and that be connected with a flue or tunnel of a certain height, supposing there to be no inlet at the bottom, or outlet at the top, the air will commence a circulation; that on the heated surface would ascend, and its place be as constantly supplied by the surrounding air. In this way two currents will be established; one ascending from the heated surface, and the other descending on the outside of the tunnel; and these currents will go on, as long as any difference of density exists in the air of the different parts of the surrounding space. If now an opening be made in the bottom of this tunnel and another at the top, an ascending current will be kept up; which will be as the difference of density between external air and that of the heated column, and as the square root of the height of the tunnel.

Let D be the density of the external air;

d , that in the tunnel, which will be inversely as the heat supplied.

V = the velocity which a heavy body would acquire by falling through the height of the tunnel; and v = the velocity of the ascending air.

Then $v = V \times \frac{D-d}{D}$. This equally applies to chimneys, d being the density of the smoke.

The mere exposure of the heated surface in an open space, such as a small room, is not sufficient to produce the greatest effect. This is, however, the method at present used by sugar-bakers for heating the rooms in which they expose their sugars. The vessel so employed is of cast iron, and is called a cockle.

Various modifications of this method of heating air have been employed. The wall surrounding the heated vessel has been placed at various distances, in order to find the maximum of effect of a given fire. It was considered a great improvement, to place the wall at a

distance, to admit of a sufficient quantity of air, and make a number of apertures in the wall, about two and a half inches square, with a view to compel the air to blow upon the heated surface. This method was employed more than thirty years ago, by William Strutt, Esq. of Derby, in his cotton-works. He afterwards made a great improvement on this plan, by inserting tubes in the apertures in the wall reaching near to the heated surface. By these means, the air is prevented from ascending before it comes in contact with the heated surface. A further improvement was made in this apparatus, by inserting similar tubes over the surface of the cockle, the shape of which was a square prism with a groined top. The cold air was made to pass through one half of the tubes; and the air so heated, became still more heated by being compelled to pass in a contrary order through the other half, into a chamber above, called the air-chamber. The stove, thus improved, has been employed by Messrs. Strutts in their works ever since, with complete success, and is similar to that by which the Derbyshire General Infirmary is warmed. This stove has been fixed in different parts of the country and in London, sometimes with success; but so many circumstances besides the stove itself interfere, in arrangements of this kind, that the plan has failed in many instances. And such will ever be the case with the best inventions, in the hands of men who are unacquainted with the principles on which they are founded.

Nothing can be more obvious, than the decided advantage which this stove possesses over all others, and nothing remained for its improvement but to give its different parts their proper proportions, and to vary its construction, so as to admit of its easy management in domestic use. By the former improvement, a larger quantity of air is admitted in proportion to the fuel consumed, and of course at a lower temperature. The advantages which result from this improvement will be obvious. The ventilation of the rooms warmed by it, is much more complete from a greater quantity of air being admitted; the temperature is more uniform, from the air being more dispersed; and, lastly, from the air being heated by a greater surface at a lower temperature, the apparatus is not in the least degree injured by the fire, and hence there does not appear to be any limit to its durability.

Nothing can be more vague and uncertain, than the opinions which have been formed of the different apparatuses used for warming rooms by heated air. It has in consequence appeared to me a desideratum in inquiries of this nature, to be able to ascertain the power and merits of a stove, as we do those of an engine. For this purpose, my first object was to get an instrument capable of measuring the velocity of currents. After trying a variety of methods, I have found one with which I am perfectly satisfied. It consists of a very light brass wheel, in the form of that for the first motion of a smoke-jack. An endless screw upon the same axis gives motion to a wheel of fifty teeth, on the axis of which is an index, which is watched by the eye, when the instrument is exposed to the current. The wheel acted on by the current, is about two and a half inches in diameter, and the vanes or sails are eight in number, and fill up the whole circle, when their faces are parallel to the plane of their motion, and they are adjusted to an angle of 45°. Under these circumstances, I have found that fifty re-

volutions of the first motion take place, while the current causing those revolutions moves through forty-six feet.

In order to ascertain the power and merits of a stove, I generally take a period of twelve hours, beginning with a good fire, and leaving off with the same. During this time, the velocity and temperature in the main warm air-flue should be taken every half hour, and then the average of each taken, keeping an account of the coal consumed in the same time. The temperature of the outer air being also known, the excess of the average temperature above the atmosphere is the datum required.

From the average velocity, the number of cubic feet of air passing through the flue in the twelve hours may be known.

Put A = The number of pounds of air heated in twelve hours, allowing 14 cubic feet of air to one pound.

T = The excess of temperature above that of the atmosphere.

W = The weight in pounds of coal consumed in the same time.

E = The effect of the stove, which, in stoves of all sizes on the same construction, should be generally a constant quantity: Since A the quantity, and T the excess of temperature, are advantages to be produced by W the weight of coal.

E, the effect, will be directly as A and T, and inversely as W.

Therefore, $E = \frac{AT}{W}$.

To give an example in practice:—A stove which is capable of warming 100,000 cubic feet of space to 60° in the coldest season, when placed at the depth of nine feet below the level at which the warm air is discharged, will furnish about 45 cubic feet every second, raised 60 degrees above the temperature of the atmosphere. To keep up this current and excess of temperature for twelve hours, it will consume not more than three bushels of coals, or 252 pounds. In this case, 49 cubic feet of air in each second will be 1,944,000 in twelve hours, equal to 138,857 pounds. Hence $E = \frac{138,857 \times 60}{252} = 32,930$.

This number may be taken as a constant quantity, expressive of the power of any stove; but it also expresses the weight of air in pounds, which one pound of Newcastle coal heats one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

This number will not be strictly a constant quantity, as small stoves will not act quite to the same advantage as larger ones; and local and other circumstances will in some degree alter the result of experiments made in the manner above stated. This is more especially the case, when the admission of cold air and the discharge of foul air, are in any degree influenced by the wind.

The cold air is generally brought directly from the atmosphere; and, therefore, as its progress along this channel is affected by the wind, a greater or less quantity will pass through the stove. If the air be deficient, less heat is carried off from the heating surface, and a greater proportion goes up the chimney; on the contrary, when the wind blows into the cold air-flue, the two forces conspire, more air is admitted, more heat is carried off with the air, and of course less is wasted up the smoke-flue.

In all situations where it is practicable, I use an effectual means of regulating the admission of cold and the escape of foul air, by placing at the commencement and termination of these apertures a turn-cap or cowl, in which the vanes are so fixed as to let the wind blow into the one, and assist the escape of air from the other. Although this contrivance will always prevent a counter current, which without its use is sometimes the case, it does not prevent unequal quantities of air from entering, according to the strength of the wind. This is not found in practice to be a great inconvenience; for during the most perfect calm, the air admitted by the power of the stove alone, is sufficient for every purpose of warmth and ventilation: whilst with a tolerable fire in the stove when the wind is considerable, the air comes into the rooms at a higher temperature than the rooms require which is at least erring on the desirable side. If the quantity of air admitted under all states of the wind were required to be uniform, the aperture in the turn-cap for cold air might contain a self-adjustment, by the action of which its area would always be in the inverse ratio of the velocity of the wind; by which means equal quantities of air would always be admitted in equal times.

The turn-cap for the escape of foul air is placed at the top of the building, and is made common to the roof. Under this arrangement all the rooms into which the warm air is admitted have each a foul air flue terminating in the cavity of the roof.

The contents of all the foul air-flues are therefore ultimately discharged at the turn-cap. This arrangement is adopted at the Derbyshire General Infirmary, and at the Wakefield Lunatic Asylum. In the summer season, when the stove is not in action, the ventilation will depend on the wind, which at some periods may not be adequate to that change of air required in hospitals. In such cases I have adopted an additional means of ventilation. Instead of making the foul air turn-cap common to the roof, I have placed it at the top of a cylindrical cavity built in the roof. Into this cavity I bring all the foul air-flues, which also in this case may be smoke-flues, if constructed with brick. I also connect with the same cavity, the stove chimney, and, if possible all the other smoke-flues in the building. By this means, it may be expected, that some degree of rarefaction in the cylindrical cavity in the roof will be constantly going on, and that hence a perpetual current will be established from every room towards the general outlet. It would be difficult to adapt such an arrangement to old buildings, without great alteration in the roof. But it would be easily introduced into new houses. The advantages derived from it in ordinary dwellings would be very great. In the first place, there could not be an instance of a smoky chimney; in the next, a down current in an unoccupied chimney could not occur, and therefore the passage of the smoke of one chimney down another would always be prevented; and lastly, by having only one outlet for smoke in every house, and that an object which may be made ornamental, we should ultimately get rid of the great deformity which arises from the present appearance of chimneys in buildings.

In all situations where it is practicable to make a cold air-flue, of considerable length under ground, the advantage is well worth securing. I have found by experience that a cold air-flue of fifty yards in length is capable of cooling the air in summer to about an arithmeti-

cal mean between the temperature of the air and the earth, and a similar advantage is produced by the earth warming the air in the winter season. The shape of the cold air-flue should be such as to present the greatest possible surface; the very contrary being essential to the best construction of flues for the warm air.

These facts will successfully lead to the means of cooling buildings in the tropical climates, and of warming the air when the winter's cold is much below the temperature of the earth.

Great Russel street, Bloomsbury, May, 1821.

FROM THE ANNALS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Black Urine.—It appears from Dr. Marcet's paper in the *Medical Chirurgical Transactions*, that he has met with some cases, in which black urine had been voided. At the request of Dr. Marcet, some was examined by Dr. Prout, who gives the following account of its chemical properties:

The residuums obtained from this urine by evaporation, not only does not contain any lithic acid, as was observed by Dr. Marcet, but no urea can be detected in it by the tests which indicate its presence.

Although the addition of dilute acids produced no immediate change of colour in the urine, yet, on standing for some time, a black precipitate slowly subsided, leaving the supernatant fluid transparent, and but slightly coloured.

The black precipitate thus obtained, was found to be nearly insoluble either in water or alcohol, whether hot or cold. It readily dissolved in cold concentrated sulphuric and nitric acid, forming a deep brownish black solution; but, on diluting the acids with water, the black substance appeared to be again precipitated unaltered. These acids, however, by the assistance of heat, apparently decomposed it. The black substance readily dissolved in the fixed alkalies and in the alkaline subcarbonates, forming very dark solutions. The addition of water did not affect these solutions; but acids re-precipitated the substance apparently unchanged. When ammonia was employed as the solvent, and the excess expelled by evaporation to dryness, a black or deep brown residuum was obtained, which appeared to be a compound of the black substance with ammonia, and possessed the following properties:

It was very soluble in water; and, on being heated with caustic potash, it gave off the smell of ammonia. The black compound, however, did not appear to have any tendency to assume the crystalline form.

In evaporating to dryness, on a piece of glass, the ammoniacal solution in which the black substance had been dissolved, the residuum split into most minute fragments, having a regular and very peculiar appearance, especially when examined with a magnifier.

From the solutions of this compound in water, muriate of barytes and nitrate of silver produced copious brown precipitates, as did also proto-nitrate of mercury and nitrate of lead; but oxymuriate of mercury produced no immediate precipitate, and that obtained from acetate of zinc was of a paler brown colour.

From these experiments Dr. Prout concludes, that the remarkable specimen of urine in question, owes its black colour to a compound of a peculiar principle with ammonia, as Dr. Marcet had inferred from his own trials; but he is moreover inclined to think that the black principle itself, such as obtained from the urine by the action of dilute acids, may be considered as a new body possessed of acid properties. From the small quantity of the specimen, however, which could be spared for Dr. Prout's experiments, it was impossible to obtain complete and decisive evidence on the nature of this substance; but it appears to be sufficiently characterized as a peculiar acid, and to bear a closer analogy to the lithic acid, or rather to some of the compounds which it forms when acted upon by the nitric acid, than to any other principle usually found in the urine.

Should this view of the subject be confirmed by farther observations, Dr. Prout would propose to distinguish this new substance, on account of its black colour, by the name of *melanic acid*.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

Purification of Oil.—A method of purifying common fish oil, and rendering it equal to the best sperm oil, by the use of animal charcoal, is described as having been discovered in Denmark. The description is very incomplete, but mentions that beef bones which have been boiled, are made into animal charcoal in a peculiar way. The charcoal is mixed with the oil, and repeatedly agitated for two months, after which it is filtered through several strata of charcoal, and used as soon as made. The quantity of gas evolved by the bones in the operation is considerable, and is used for lighting the manufactory and adjacent buildings. The residuum is mixed with clay for fuel. The loss in this process is estimated at 15 per cent., and the gain is equal to 40 per cent., leaving a balance in favour of the discovery of 25 per cent.

The peculiar method of making the charcoal, probably consists in not heating the bones too much. It is well known by the animal charcoal makers in London, that if the temperature be raised too high, the charcoal is worth nothing.

Purification of the Water of the Seine at Paris.—There is an establishment in this city (Paris) for purifying for domestic use the water of the Seine, which gives constant employment to upwards of 200 persons. The water is pumped into vessels about 20 feet deep, and as many in width, where it reposes 12 hours. The clear water is then raised into another vessel, whence it flows into long and shallow cisterns, on the sides of which a great number of sponge-filters are placed, and the sponges are renewed every hour. From the sponge-filters it finds its way into square shallow cisterns, each of which has at the bottom a bed of clean Fontainebleau sand, then a bed of pounded charcoal, then another bed of clean sand, and lastly, at top, a bed of coarse river sand (these last mentioned filters are renewed every six hours); and this is the last operation previous to its distribution.—*Tech. Rep.* i. 316. We apprehend this process would not suit the London taste.

Cement.—The following is a very excellent cement for the use of turners and artisans in general. The receipt is due to Mr. S. Parley:—16 parts of whiting are to be finely powdered and heated to redness to drive off all the water. When cold, it is to be mixed with 16 parts of black resin, and one part of bees-wax; the latter having been previously melted together, and the whole stirred until of an uniform consistence. [Tech. Rep. i. 416.]

Intensity of the Magnetic Force in different parts of the World.—The following table is the result of Professor Hanstein's laborious observations.

Places.	Dif.	Intensities.
Peru,	0° 0'	1.0000
Mexico,	42° 10'	1.3155
Paris,	68° 38'	1.3482
London,	70° 33'	1.4142
Christiana,	72° 30'	1.4959
Arendahl,	72° 45'	1.4756
Brassa,	74° 21'	1.4941
Hare Island,	82° 49'	1.6939
Davis' Straits,	83° 08'	1.6900
Baffin's Bay,	84° 25'	1.6685

[Tach's Correspondence.]

Large Human Calculus.—A large human calculus has been described by Professor Cumming, of Cambridge: it weighs thirty-two ounces, and measures $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference. Its specific gravity is 1.756. The nucleus is lithic acid, and to this succeeds a considerable portion of the oxalate of lime, then layers of the triple phosphate, covered by a thick coating of lithic acid, the external surface being composed principally of the fusible calculus. It is in the possession of Trinity College. A calculus is also noticed from the intestines of a hare: it is composed of vegetable matter and the phosphates.

Captains *Hodgson* and *Herbert* have determined the highest of the Himalayas to be 25,589 feet, and the lowest to be 16,043 feet, above the level of the sea; and that twenty of the peaks are more elevated than Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes.

Improved Signal for Trigonometrical Measurements.—A new kind of signal has been used by M. Gauss of Gottingen, in a trigonometrical measurement undertaken in Hanover, which appears to possess many advantages. It consists of reflected solar light: that astronomer having remarked that the light reflected by a small plane mirror, was sufficiently intense to be observed at greater distances than those of the sides of his greatest triangles, had a couple of instruments made which he called *Heliotropes*, and which, though simpler in their construction than the *Heliostat* of S'Gravesande, were, like it, intended to reflect the sun's rays in a constant direction. Whilst these instruments were preparing, M. Gauss made use of Hadley's sextant, which, for this purpose, was mounted on a solid foot in the following manner: The plane of the instrument being inclined to the proper degree, the

angle between the sun and the terrestrial object to which the sun's rays are to be reflected by the moveable or great mirror of the instrument is to be observed. Then, without altering the apparatus otherwise, the arm which carries the mirror is to be moved, until the index is at double the angle observed, when the sun's rays will be reflected on the spot desired, so that from that point the image of the sun may be seen in the mirror like a star.

The same result may be obtained by previously fixing a third mirror above the moveable mirror, on the same arm, and perpendicular like it to the plane of the instrument; but which makes, with the plane of the great mirror, an angle equal to the complement of 90 degrees of the angle formed by the visual ray with the plane of the third mirror. When, with a sextant thus prepared and fixed on a foot, the distance of the object from the centre of the sun is observed, this third mirror reflects the sun's rays at the same moment on the object itself, and an observer being there, the signal will be the light reflected from the sextant. It is easy, by a little practice, to give that motion to the mirror which is necessary to throw the sun's rays for some time on the same object; for, in consequence of the imperfection of the mirror, the field over which the rays are reflected is large enough to compensate for any little irregularity in the movement.

M. Gauss has found that mirrors, two inches by an inch and a quarter, are quite large enough for these purposes: In some experiments, made with a view of estimating the distance to which these signals would be visible, a heliotrope and a sextant were placed two geographical miles from each other, the luminous points reflected by those mirrors could be seen by the naked eye, and when viewed through the telescope of the theodolite were too brilliant to give exact points; but when, in place of the sun's light that from a bright cloud was reflected by them, they gave an excellent mark.

At a distance of five miles, the points were still visible, like stars, by the naked eye, and they could be seen through the telescope of the instrument, even in heavy weather, when the great signal itself could not be distinguished. At last the distance was increased to 11 or 12 geographical miles, the stations being at Inselberg and Hohenhagen, and the operators MM. Gauss and Enke. The light was reflected at intervals by the sextant from Inselberg to Hohenhagen, whilst the light was constantly reflected from the latter to the former place by the heliotrope; these experiments continued ten days in various circumstances with great success. Each observer reciprocally saw the points at the other station, whilst frequently the mountains on which they were placed could scarcely be seen by the telescope. More than once the light of the heliotrope pierced through mists and even showers of rain.

In general the angles observed by these signals were in greater accordance with each other, than when the ordinary signals have been used.

Baron de Zach proposes a simplification of the reflecting apparatus. He supposes a polyhedral reflector, similar to those sometimes used by bird-catchers, to rotate on an axis passing through the number of its facets, there will then continually be a facet reflecting the light in the proper direction; and farther, such a signal would be visible in all directions. In a trial of this process made in the small way, a piece.

of rock crystal, cut with many facets, was made to rotate rapidly in the sunshine, it was seen distinctly from all situations at the distance of 2,000 toises. [Bib. Univ. xviii. 151.]

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.

Prizes proposed by the French Royal Academy of Sciences, for 1823.

In Physics.—The origin of animal heat is not established in an incontestable manner, and philosophers are still divided in opinion on the subject, notwithstanding its great importance to the progress of physiology.

The Academy offers a gold medal of the value of 3000 francs, to be awarded in the public sitting of the year 1823, for the best treatise founded on actual experiments, on the causes, whether chemical or physiological, of animal heat. It is particularly desired to know exactly the degree of heat emitted by a healthy animal in a given time, and the carbonic acid which it produces in respiration; and what proportions such heat bears to that produced by the combustion of carbon in the formation of the same quantity of carbonic acid. The essays to be transmitted to the secretariat of the Institute before the first of January, 1823.

In Mathematics.—The Academy, persuaded that the theory of heat is one of the most interesting objects to which mathematics can be applied, propose the following questions for a prize to be awarded in March, 1824.

1. What is the density, as proved by experiments, which liquids, especially mercury, water, alcohol, and sulphuric ether, acquire by degrees of compression equivalent to the weight of so many atmospheres?

2. How to measure the effects of the heat produced by these compressions?

The prize to be a gold medal of the value of 3000 francs. The essays to be transmitted before the first of January, 1824.

Prizes founded by M. Alhumbert.—The late M. Alhumbert having bequeathed an annuity of 300 francs to be employed in promoting the sciences and arts, the king has authorized the Academies of Sciences and Fine Arts to distribute alternately every year a prize of that value.

The Academy proposes the following subject for the competition of this year:—

To compare anatomically the structure of a fish and that of a reptile; the two species to be chosen by the competitors.

Prize of Experimental Physiology founded by M. de Montyon.—The prize a gold medal of the value of 895 francs, for the work, printed or in MS. which shall appear to have contributed most to the progress of experimental physiology.—To be sent to the secretariat of the institution before the first of January, 1823.

Prize in Mechanics founded by M. de Montyon.—To the person who shall have shown the greatest merit in inventing or in improving

instruments useful to the progress of agriculture, mechanical arts, and sciences, a gold medal of the value of 1500 francs.

The prize will only be given to machines, the description and the plans or models of which, sufficiently detailed, shall have been submitted to the Academy, either separately, or in some printed work, transmitted to the Academy.

Preservation from Lightning.—Sir H. Davy, in his fourth lecture at the Royal Institution, recommends the following means of escaping the electric fluid during a thunder storm. He observed that in countries where thunder storms are frequent and violent, a walking cane might be fitted with a steel or iron rod to draw out at each end, one of which might be stuck into the ground, and the other end elevated eight or nine feet above the surface. The person who apprehends danger, should fix the cane and lie down a few yards from it. By this simple apparatus, the lightning descends down the wire into the earth, and secures him from injury.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

April 15.—A paper by Dr. Brewster was read at the Royal Society, entitled, "*Description of a Monochromatic Lamp, with observations on the Composition of different Flames, as modified by Reflection, Refraction and Combustion.*"

The chief object of this paper was to describe the principles and construction of a *Monochromatic Lamp*, for illuminating objects with a homogeneous flame, which the author succeeded in constructing, after many unsuccessful attempts. By illuminating microscopic objects with this lamp, a distinctness and perfection of vision was obtained, which extends widely the power of the microscope, and enables it to detect delicate structures, and minute organizations, which are beyond the reach of observation when common light is employed. The author pointed out the application of this lamp to various purposes, both practical and scientific, and particularly to the measurement of minute optical phenomena, such as those of refractive powers, double refraction, and polarisation, and the phenomena of periodical colours. As the yellow light discharged from this lamp has an invariable character, the measures of these and other phenomena, taken in such a light by different philosophers, may now be referred to as an unchangeable standard, and they will also have the advantage of being made in the most luminous rays of the spectrum, and of being referrible to rays that have nearly a mean refrangibility.

The author likewise pointed out the manner in which the prismatic spectrum is attacked, and finally extinguished, by the action of differently coloured absorbing media; and he has established, in opposition to the deductions of Dr. Wollaston and Dr. Young, that the yellow light has a separate and independent existence in the solar spectrum.

On Sounds excited in Hydrogen Gas.—As the intensity of sound is diminished by the rarefaction of the medium in which it is produced, it might have been expected that the sound in hydrogen gas would

be feebler than when produced in atmospheric air in similar circumstances. Mr. Leslie, however, has found the difference to be actually much greater. Having placed within the receiver of an air-pump a small piece of clock-work by which a bell was struck every half minute the air was rarified, and after the reaction had been carried the length of 100 times, hydrogen gas was introduced. The sound, however, so far from being augmented, was at least as feeble as in atmospheric air of that extreme rarity, and decidedly much feebler than when formed in air of its own density, or rarified ten times. Mr. Leslie likewise observed the very curious fact that the mixture of hydrogen gas with atmospheric air, has a predominant influence in blunting or stifling sound. When one half of the volume of atmospheric air is extracted, and hydrogen gas admitted to fill up the vacant space, the sound will now become scarcely audible; an effect which he ascribes to a want of intimate combination between the two gases, which causes the pulsatory impressions to be dissipated before the sound is originally formed.

[*Mem. Cambridge Phil. Soc.*, vol. i. p. 267.]

Supposed Volcanoes in the Moon.—The luminous appearance in the moon, which Captain Kater and Mr. Dunlop observed on the 5th Feb. 1821, and which Captain Kater considered as a lunar volcano, was observed by Dr. Olbers, who thinks that there are no volcanoes in the moon, and that this phenomenon is capable of another explanation. It was situated, he observes, either in or near the spot marked Aristarchus, which is always enlightened by the earth, or the dark portion of the moon when three or four days old, and is distinguishable from all the other spots in the moon by its brightness. The luminous appearance, however, on the 5th of February was entirely different from the usual appearance of Aristarchus, and appeared with a five feet achromatic telescope like a star of the sixth magnitude.

Canal Steam Navigation.—With a view to the introduction of steam vessels on canals, a very interesting experiment was made in the Union Canal at Edinburgh, on June 22, at two o'clock, with a large boat 28 feet long, constructed with an *internal* movement upon the principle of a model invented by Mr. Wright, and exhibited to a general meeting of the Highland Society of Scotland, in the month of January last. A committee appointed for the purpose by the directors of the Highland Society, attended to witness the experiment, and the chairman and most of the members of the Union Canal Company were also present. The boat had twenty-six persons on board; and although drawing fifteen inches of water, she was propelled by only four men at the rate of between four and five miles an hour, while the agitation of the water, being confined entirely to the centre of the canal, was observed to subside long before it reached the banks, and consequently obviating its hitherto destructive tendency in washing them into the canal.

[*Star.*]

On the Existence of Mercury in Sea-Water.—M. Proust has remarked, as M. Hilaire Rouelle did before him, that marine salt contains mercury. M. Proust has found mercury in every kind of muriatic acid that he has tried, and also in rock-salt. He suggests to navigators a method of ascertaining the existence of mercury in sea-

water, by attaching a plate of gold, of two or three inches surface, to some part of the ship, so as to be constantly plunged in the water. Half an ounce of gold laminated, he conceives would be sufficient for the purpose of ascertaining if it is amalgamated after a long voyage.

Great Fall of the Barometer on the 25th of December, 1821.—As there is reason to believe, that the extraordinary fall of the barometer on the 25th of December, 1821, was connected with the volcanic eruption of Eyafjeld Jokkul, Iceland, it becomes interesting to collect the height of the barometer on that day in different parts of Europe:

	In. lines.	
Naes in Iceland, near Reikvig,	28.49 Eng.	Dec. 26.
Cambridge, - - - -	28.00 do.	Dec. 25.
Hanover, - - - -	28.34 do.	Dec. 25. 1 P. M.
Altona, - - - -	28.31 do.	Dec. 25. 2 ^h
Udino, - - - -	25.5.1 French.	Dec. 25. Morning.
Bremen, - - - -	26.676	Dec. 25. 6 ^h Stormy.
St. Bernard, - - - -	19.10	Dec. 24. after Midn.
Fougeres, - - - -	26.2.4	Dec. 24. 9 ^h
Brest, - - - -	26.3	Dec. 24.
Lyons, - - - -	25.9	Dec. 24. 9 ^h
Jena, - - - -	26.3	Dec. 24, 25.
Treves, - - - -	26.6	Dec. 25. 5 ^h A. M.
Augsburgh, - - - -	25.6.1	Dec. 25. 3 ^h A. M.
Leipsic, - - - -	26.68	Dec. 24, 25.

Toad found alive in the Centre of a Stone.—A specimen of a toad, which was taken alive from the centre of a mass of solid stone, has been sent to the College Museum of Edinburgh by Lord Duncan.

Oil for Watch and Clock Work.—Good oil has long been a desideratum among watchmakers. Colonel Beaufoy remarks, that if olive oil be exposed to the rays of the sun for a considerable length of time, it becomes colourless, limpid, free from mucilage, and not easily congealable. He exposed two eight-ounce phials, nearly filled with this oil, to the solar beams for one or two years, and found this effect produced. The bottles should be opened occasionally to allow the gas to escape, or the cork may be taken out.—The following process by Chevreul has been recommended for freeing oil for watch-work from all acid and mucilage. Put into a matrass or glass-flask, a portion of any fine oil, with seven or eight times its weight of alcohol, and heat the mixture almost to boiling, decant the clear upper stratum of fluid, and suffer it to cool; a solid portion of fatty matter separates, which is to be removed, and then the alcoholic solution evaporated in a retort or basin, until reduced to one-fifth its bulk. The elaine or fluid part of the oil will be deposited. It should be colourless and tasteless, almost free from smell, without action on infusion of litmus, having the consistence of white olive oil, and not easily congealable.

Size and Shape of the Globules of Blood in different Animals.—A number of very interesting results have recently been obtained by J. L. Prevost, M. D. and J. A. Dumas, respecting the form of the glo-

bules of blood of different animals, and the effects of transfusing the blood of one animal into another. The following are their measures of the diameters of the globules:

Man, Dog, Rabbit, Pig, Hedgehog, Guinea	}	$\frac{1}{3750}$	of an English inch.
Pig, Muscarden, - - - - -			
Ass, - - - - -		$\frac{1}{4175}$	
Cat, Grey Mouse, White Mouse, - - -		$\frac{1}{3275}$	
Sheep, Horse, Mule, Ox, - - - - -		$\frac{1}{2000}$	
Chamois, Stag, - - - - -		$\frac{1}{2130}$	
She-Goat, - - - - -		$\frac{1}{2200}$	

But while the globules of blood in different animals vary in size, they vary also in form. In the mammalia they are all spherical, while in birds they are elliptical, and vary only in the lengths of their greater axes. They are likewise elliptical in all cold-blooded animals. They found also, that the colourless globule which exists in the centre of the particles of blood, has the constant diameter of $\frac{1}{7300}$ th of an inch in all animals, and whatever be the form of the globule which contains it.—In their experiments on the transfusion of blood, they obtained many interesting results. When animals were bled till they fainted, they died when they were left alone, or when water or serum of blood, at the temperature of 100 Fahr. was injected into their veins. If, on the contrary, the blood of an animal of the same species was injected; every portion of the blood thrown in, reanimated the exhausted animal; and when it had received as much as it lost, it began to breathe freely, to take food, and was finally restored to perfect health. When the injected blood was from an animal of a different species, but whose globules had the same form, though a different size, the animal was only partially relieved, and could seldom be kept alive for more than six days, the animal heat diminishing with remarkable rapidity. When the blood of an animal with spherical globules, is injected into a bird, it usually dies under the most violent nervous affections, as if under the influence of the most intense poison; and this takes place even when only a small quantity of blood has been lost. In a great number of cases, cats and rabbits were restored for some days by the injection of the blood of cows and sheep, even when the injection of the blood was not made till twelve or even twenty-four hours after the blood was extracted from the latter. The blood was kept in a fluid state in a cool place, either by taking away a certain quantity of fibrine, or adding 1000th part of caustic soda. When the blood of the sheep was injected into ducks, they died after rapid and strong convulsions. [Bibl. Univers.

Preservation of Grain in Granaries of Cast-Iron.—In order to preserve grain for any length of time, from those insects which habitually devour it, and which cannot exist in air hygrometrically dry, M. Clement suggested the propriety of constructing granaries of cast-iron, into which no air should enter till it has passed through a body of unslaked lime. He proposed also some contrivances for allowing the expanded air to escape, and for inspecting the grain when necessary. The saving of manual labour in turning over the grain is one of the advantages of this plan. Various useful suggestions relative to this plan will be found in the *Quarterly Journal*, No. xxv. p. 164.